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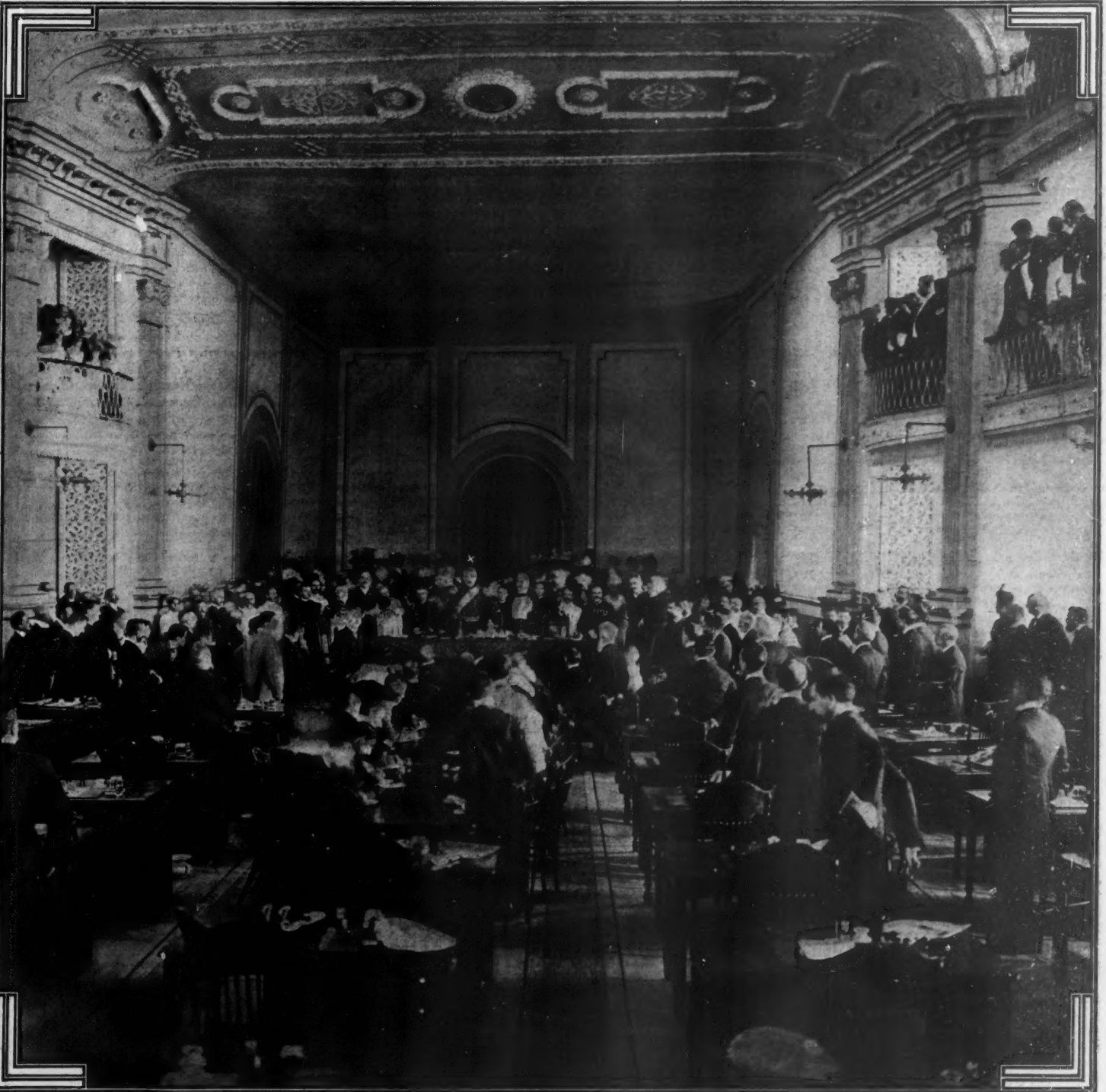
WEEKLY JOURNAL  of CURRENT EVENTS.

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THE CUBAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

GOVERNOR-GENERAL WOOD ADDRESSING THE DELEGATES, AFTER CALLING THE CONVENTION TO ORDER, IN THE MARTI THEATRE, HAVANA, NOVEMBER 5, THE FIRST DAY OF THE SESSIONS

(SEE PAGE 32)



COLLIER'S WEEKLY

EDITORIAL PAGE

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WHAT WILL BE THE EFFECT OF A SECOND DEFEAT ON MR. BRYAN'S FORTUNES?

INASMUCH as the Republicans will have a majority on joint ballot in the Nebraska Legislature, it is certain that Mr. Bryan will not be sent to the Federal Senate, and, indeed, he had already announced, when the political complexion of the Legislature was undetermined, that he would not be a candidate for the office. Whether he will continue to fix the eyes of his party upon him by letters and articles in the public press and frequent appearances on the lecture platform is as yet unknown. No doubt he recognizes that the Silver issue is dead and that the Imperialism issue will soon be disposed of by the United States Supreme Court. For that reason it is possible that he may elect to remain for a time in retirement, until new issues shall be pressed upon the popular mind, or until the economic conditions of the country shall be so grievously disturbed that the necessity of providing a prompt and efficient remedy shall be brought home to every public man. It may be remembered that Henry Clay twice retired from public life, but was summoned back to the field of action by the rank and file of the Whig party. If in the Democracy, as at present constituted, and represented by its National Committee, there are any who imagine that Mr. Bryan can be thrust aside by the act of any man except himself, they are reckoning without their host. Bryanism, so far as it consisted of Free Silver and anti-Imperialism, may probably be relegated to the limbo of exploded things. Mr. Bryan, however, is very much alive, and it will depend upon himself alone when and how his vitality shall be demonstrated.

WHAT WILL BE THE EFFECT OF DEFEAT ON THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY?

SCARCELY had the excitement attending the Presidential election died away than demands were heard from certain quarters for a reorganization of the Democracy, the assumption being that not only a new platform but new leaders were required. In almost every instance the demand came from men who notoriously bolted in 1896 and again in 1900. The notion that deserters who did their best to promote the triumph of the Republican nominee will not only be welcomed back into the Democratic fold but be forthwith restored to posts of honor and authority is on the face of it preposterous. Those who put forward this idea seem to overlook the fact that the voters, some seven millions in number, who supported the candidate named at Kansas City have already an organization of their own into which no outsiders can be admitted for four years to come. We refer to the Democratic National Committee, which will continue in office until it shall be replaced by the Democratic National Convention which convenes in 1904. That Convention, we have no doubt, will repudiate Free Silver by refusing to insert a plank demanding it in its platform. This would have been done at Kansas City had the great majority of the States upon which the Democracy relies for majorities been permitted to have their way. We do not believe that Mr. Bryan himself, or any other person now conspicuous in Democratic councils, will desire to see that mistake repeated. The platform of 1904, however, both on its affirmative and on its negative side, will be framed, not by the faithless, but by the faithful. We doubt if the quondam leaders of the Democracy who have twice conspired to defeat the Democratic candidate for the Presidency will ever be permitted to recover their former ascendancy. They must return, if they return at all, in a contrite and humble mood, content to stand and wait, and see the work of reconstruction performed by the men who have borne the brunt of the last two national contests, and who have scorned to forsake the party standard because the party platform was not altogether accordant with their views. In 1904 the Democratic party will have no need of the pretended Democrats who voted against its candidate this year. Its numbers will then be swollen by tremendous accessions from the Republican rank and file, and especially from the workmen, because the Free Silver issue will then be defunct and underground, and because, instead of the prosperity to which they were this year pointed, they will probably be plunged amid the hardships and the miseries of an industrial crisis the most widespread and disastrous that this country has ever witnessed. There will be no need at that time of a resuscitated prophet to instruct the Democratic National Convention concerning the urgent issues on which it ought to appeal to a distressed and agitated people. A trenchant reduction of the war duties, a drastic transformation of the Dingley Tariff, a rigorous overhauling of watered trusts and the demand for a constitutional amendment permitting a graduated income tax with an exemption clause—such are the well-aimed and vital issues upon which the Democracy may ride to victory. Meanwhile, it will be interesting to note whether in 1901 Tammany

Hall will manage to retain control of the vast and opulent municipality which to outsiders is still best known as the Greater New York. Should we witness the formation of a strong anti-Tammany organization similar to the County Democracy of former days, and should the Republican organization indorse its nominee for Mayor, it is entirely possible that Tammany, notwithstanding its huge patronage, might be constrained to loosen its grasp on the municipal offices. The fact that Mr. Bryan, with the whole force of Tammany behind him, carried the Greater New York by less than thirty thousand, indicates that some fifty thousand Democrats must have voted for Mr. McKinley, or refused to vote at all. One thing seems certain, namely, that, whether a Tammany candidate for Mayor should be or should not be chosen in 1901, he will find the power of the municipal Executive materially clipped. The Republicans will be strong enough in both branches of the Legislature to pass any measures that they desire, and Mr. Platt has already given notice of his party's determination to establish a State Constabulary which will give the Republicans exclusive control of the police in New York, Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, Albany and Troy, and which, as it is asserted, will make each of them what Philadelphia has long been, a Republican city. The Republicans are also resolved, so we are told, to amend the charter of the City of New York by a provision that hereafter the Mayor shall hold office not for four years but for two, thus minimizing the power for mischief of a successful Democratic candidate.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ELECTION

NOW THAT THE RETURNS are all before us, it is possible, by comparing them with those of 1896, to elicit some definite and trustworthy information touching the meaning of the verdict given by the people at the ballot-box. Did the voters intend to repudiate a second time and decisively the projected independent and unlimited coinage of silver at the artificial ratio of 16 to 1? Did they intend to sanction Imperialism as that term has been interpreted by the Administration? Was it their intention to approve of the doctrine embodied in the Porto Rican tariff act—the doctrine that our Federal Government may hold and legislate for outlying possessions from the inhabitants of which may be permanently withheld all of the rights guaranteed by our Federal Constitution to citizens of the United States? Did the voters pronounce once for all against a graduated income tax, and did they mean to express indiscriminate approval of trusts, and to accept them as beneficent instruments of the national welfare? We shall find light thrown upon these questions if we examine the figures in some detail and observe what States formerly carried were lost by Mr. Bryan, and what States, though still faithful to Mr. McKinley, gave him reduced majorities. It is certain that Mr. McKinley will have 292 electoral votes, or 21 more than he secured four years ago. Where did he get them and why? In the first place, it is to be noted that the Republicans carried the States of Washington, Wyoming, South Dakota, Utah, Kansas and Nebraska, which they lost in 1896. These States have between them 32 electoral votes, and the loss of them is but partly offset by the capture of 12 electoral votes from Kentucky, which the Democrats have wrenched from the McKinley column only by a very slight plurality. Now it was in order to hold those 32 electoral votes that Mr. Bryan insisted upon a specific reaffirmance of the Silver plank in the platform framed at Kansas City, although he knew that such reaffirmance would seriously weaken him in the Central and Eastern States. The sacrifice was made for naught. The six States that we have named did not care enough about Free Silver to remain faithful to Mr. Bryan. So far as they are concerned, it is evident that the Silver issue is dead, and that it is moribund even in the four Northwestern States which Mr. Bryan retained is evident from his signally reduced majorities. Those four States, Montana, Idaho, Colorado and Nevada, have but 13 electoral votes between them. To keep those 13 votes he threw away the chance of gaining Indiana, West Virginia, Maryland, Delaware, and perhaps Michigan, Ohio, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. In the face of the figures it seems indisputable that any great political party will be demoted which shall again seek the approval of the country with a Free Silver plank in its platform. This Mr. Bryan himself must recognize, and he cannot be taxed with inconsistency if he bows to the twice expressed will of his fellow citizens. He will not be the first conspicuous American who has reconsidered his personal opinions in view of the judgment delivered by the Republic as a whole, or even by his own section of it. At the outset of his public career John C. Calhoun was a moderate protectionist; he became the apostle of free trade. When Daniel Webster entered Congress he advocated a tariff for revenue only, but when the interests and sentiments of New England pointed in the

opposite direction, he became a champion of the protectionist policy. Whether Mr. Bryan shall be the candidate of the Democratic party in 1904, or shall be merely influential in its councils, we believe that he will acquiesce in the relegation of Free Silver to the background. The "Cross of Gold" speech played its part in 1896, but it was manifest in this canvass that its vitality was exhausted, and we shall hear no more of it four years hence.

We do not think that a graduated income tax figured conspicuously in the canvass. A specific reaffirmance of the demand for that tax did not appear in the Kansas City platform as published, and comparatively little about it was heard in popular discussion. We ourselves believe that, notwithstanding the strong objection to the inquisitorial machinery involved in such an impost, a graduated income tax is sure to be laid as soon as the attention of the people is concentrated upon it. We think that a constitutional amendment permitting such a tax could be carried with considerable ease, provided the amendment expressly exempted all incomes and earnings less than one thousand dollars per annum. That, however, is a question for the future: the income tax may be dismissed as a negligible factor in the recent contest. Neither does an important part seem to have been played in any State by the Democratic protest against government by injunction so called, that is to say, the right of the Federal Courts to restrain by injunction interference with interstate transportation, or with the carriage of the United States mails. It is difficult to say to what extent, if any, the outcry against trusts affected the constituencies. The effect ought to have been discernible, if anywhere, in Ohio, yet in Ohio Mr. McKinley's majority was materially increased. The vote of upward of 100,000 cast for Mayor Jones of Toledo at the last gubernatorial election in Ohio was supposed to have been made up entirely of opponents of the trusts, but, if any considerable fraction of that vote went to Mr. Bryan, it is not recognizable on the face of the returns. It is equally impossible to assert that the indifference alleged to have been shown by our State Department to the subjugation of the Boer republics made any deep impression on citizens of Hollander descent, for Michigan, where they are mainly concentrated, gave Mr. McKinley a larger majority than it did four years ago. Did the so-called German-American and Scandinavian-American vote count for much in the canvass? Apparently not, in Wisconsin and Minnesota, at all events. Neither is it possible to detect the existence of the Irish-Republican vote, which it was said would be transferred this year to Mr. Bryan. With anti-imperialism the case is otherwise. We cannot explain the reduction of the Republican majorities in New England, and especially in Massachusetts, except upon the hypothesis that a good many citizens in that quarter of the Union regard with severe reprobation the failure of the Administration to conciliate the Filipinos, and the whole principle of colonialism exemplified in the Porto Rican tariff act. Part of the votes lost in the Empire Commonwealth and in New Jersey must be attributed to the same cause. How otherwise are we to account for the fact that the majority with which Mr. McKinley came down to the Bronx River was considerably smaller than it was four years ago? It must at the same time be admitted that the opposition to the retention of the Philippines proclaimed at Kansas City not only did not help the Democratic ticket on the Pacific slope, but seriously weakened its chances of success in that region. That is clear from the increased majorities secured by the Republicans in California and Oregon, from the remarkable reduction of Mr. Bryan's pluralities in Idaho, Montana and Colorado, and from his loss of Washington, Wyoming and Utah. The outcome, therefore, of the election should not be interpreted by President McKinley as a deliberate sanction of the imperialistic policy formulated in the Porto Rican tariff act, so far as the Eastern and Central States are concerned, though it is plain that the States west of the Rocky Mountains have regarded the subject rather from an economical than from a political point of view, and have desired, on the one hand, to secure a market for their commodities in Asia, and, on the other, to avert competition with the products of cheaper labor in the Philippines. We do not believe, however, that the question of imperialism will enter into the canvass four years hence. There is already before the United States Supreme Court a case involving the constitutionality of the Porto Rican tariff act, and the decision of that tribunal will be accepted as final, provided it is upheld by a considerable majority of the judges. Should it be carried, indeed, by a majority of only one, the question may still remain a burning one in politics. Meanwhile, we adhere to our opinion that the Court is likely to decide that, so long as territory acquired by purchase or conquest is left at the disposal of the Executive, the Constitution does not follow the flag, but that, from the moment that the Federal Congress undertakes to legislate for such territory, it must legislate under Constitutional restrictions.



HUNTING BIG GAME WITH PEARY

By HERBERT L. BRIDGMAN, Secretary of the Peary Arctic Club



LIEUTENANT ROBERT E. PEARY,
U.S.N., ARCTIC EXPLORER

TO STALK BIG GAME with a steamer would be a fine sensation to any but a genuine Arctic sportsman. In these latitudes, however, it is practically the only way for effective shooting. This is the story of what happened when we reached Etah, in the extreme north of Greenland, following in the steps of Peary. Our business there was to hunt on a grand scale and cache the game we got for a time of need.

When we started on our first hunt, a few days after our arrival, the unsettling sun stared redly at us over the southerly bergs, and a heavy mist hung over the ice. In a few hours this disappeared, and we saw the ice-hummocks of Ingfield Gulf and the sharp shorelines of Northern Island and Herbert Island against the hazy sky. Further on, we could make out Capes Cleveland, Robertson, Saumarez and McClintock. Along these capes, close to the shore-hills, were the pans and floes of ice on which big game might be expected.

The captain stood on the bridge directing the navigation of the ship. With him was a watch-officer. In the foretop a brace of hunters swept the ice-fields with their glasses. In the prow stood the Eskimo, Tungwee, his black eyes flashing, also on the lookout for game. It was Tungwee who saw the first walrus.

Down came the hunters from the foretop. There was a rattle of cartridge-ejectors and ammunition-belts, and clanking of the davits where our boat was being lowered. Far off, on an ice-pan below the eastern horizon, somebody pointed out a dark, reddish-brown object, which seemed to be about as big as a mustard-seed on a snowball. No eyes but those of a native would ever have observed it. The native harpooners were hustling to get their gear in readiness. Drags and floats were untangled, three seamen sprang into the lowered boat, with two riflemen and a steersman, the Eskimos took their places, and away we went for our first walrus.

A WALRUS HUNT

The long oars swept steadily through the water, the steersman keeping well to the leeward of the huge animal so that no sound or scent could give warning. Fifty yards from that part of the ice-pan where we knew the game to be, stalwart Tungwee planted himself in the bow, with one foot on the thwart and the other braced behind him for the supreme effort. Every coil of his line was clear, and the point of his raised harpoon showed keen as a razor. For once Tungwee is captain, harpooner, general and executioner.

He slowly waves his left hand toward the margin of an ice-hummock. The oarsmen cease rowing and the hunters sit silent as death. The steersman slowly sculls the boat around the ice-point, and directly over the prow we see the huge mass of the sleeping monster. The boat's nose brings up against the ice without a ripple or a sound. At the same moment Tungwee, raising himself on tiptoes, sends the keen harpoon through the air with all the force of his trained muscles.

One moment the silence of death—the next, pandemonium. The harpoon strikes with a slicing, ripping sound, like the tearing of silk. Beyond the stricken walrus, others, unseen until now, roused from their slumbers, slide, and grind, and pound backward into the sea, like twenty-ton stones down a cliff-side.

Mr. Walrus who is filling the harpoon engagement raises his huge vertical tusks with a snort and a bellow and plunges into the waves, striving with all his force to break the strong rope fixed to the steel in his vitals. The coils of the line run out like mercury. Brought up short, the walrus for a moment drags the float and the boat and half a dozen of very excited men.

"Stand by with the guns!" The riflemen kneel in the bottom of the boat to steady their aim. Tungwee sits with his hands on the taut harpoon line, trying to relieve the strain. Well he knows that the walrus, being an air-breathing mammal, cannot long remain under water. Up came the wounded animal four fathoms' length from the boat, dyeing the water red with its blood. Two rifles cracked and our first meat was ready for dressing and caching.

In the physical corporation of a walrus there is only one

vital spot for a rifle-ball. This is at the base of the brain, and it sometimes, though not often, happens that one shot may end all. It also often happens that the wounded animal, rising, presents no mark for the rifle, and the almost inevitable rifle-shot inflicts only slight damage. On other occasions the walrus, if he be a plucky one, comes head-on, with his mouth wide open. This is a fine time for nerve on the part of the man behind the gun. A true shot will send a bullet straight into the throat and through the brain. Sometimes, in company with the unwounded members of the herd, the harpooned walrus will drag the boat for a great distance in his efforts to keep up with his family.

HUNTING THE HUNTERS

Herds of walrus thus pursued by a boat in tow of one of their number have been known to turn and give battle. Here is a time for not only rifles, but oars, or any other weapon at hand. No boat other than one of iron could withstand the thrust of those powerful tusks. Such resistance is fortunately rare, and after a little experience the true sportsman finds walrus hunting with a steamer carrying natives and harpoons too prosaic and businesslike for enjoyment. After signalling the death of the walrus to those on board ship, the huge animal was towed back to the ship and hoisted by strong tackle to the deck, where it was cut up and cured. In a single evening it was our good fortune to kill ten walrus averaging a ton each. This, however, was more than the average good luck of the walrus hunter.

A week after killing our first walrus we steered into the ice-floes of Wolstenholm Sound. Here we found the weather and hunting conditions quite different. Instead of mild weather we had cold and foggy mornings and a scarcity of walrus.

We rowed and hunted for hours every day, only to meet with disappointment. It was very discouraging when almost with- in hail to see a huge, inquiring head turned in our direction, and a moment later a general avalanche of walrus from the ice to the water. This would bring from our harpooners, Angadloo in particular, an unearthly blood-curdling sound, such as no civilized larynx ever attempted. It was meant for a siren-note to lure the walrus back to death. But we noticed that the game was strangely deaf to this remarkable blandishment.

Our last walrus hunt was under the morning sun off Littleton Island. The lookouts reported a mother and her calf on a small floe to the northward. We crept up under the lee of the ice-pack with our whaleboat, and Angadloo succeeded in hurling his harpoon into the sleeping walrus. She took to the water with tremendous consternation, followed by her calf. The conquest was all too easy, and was completed with many qualms. After the death of the mother the little one swam around and around the boat, evidently determined not to be separated from its parent. In circling very near to the boat one of the sealers tried to seize it, when he received a hard blow from one of its flippers. It was finally subdued.

Previous to our arrival, the hunters had sallied forth each fair day in an open boat after walrus. This is by no means the trivial and immune performance that it becomes when the ship is handy and assistance close by. Walrus swimming in the open water are entirely different from their drowsy brethren slaughtered on the floe.

Only the keenest vision enables the hunter to get sight of the prey as it swims under the water. Then when found the hunted beast shows a propensity for coming at you open-mouthed and bellowing, and surely no sight in the Arctic regions is more terrifying than this.

"NANNOOK"—THE POLAR BEAR

The ice-pack in Melville Bay was thick and tough when the *Falcon* set her prow against it one July afternoon. We had scarcely entered the bay when from the watchers in the crow's-nest aloft came the cry of "Nannook! nannook!"—"bear! bear!" The shrill yell of "fire" in a crowded theatre could not have been more startling than this.

Here at last was the sullen, white monarch of the northern seas. Away up in the northwest a dusky spot could be made out on the ice, and as the ship slowly ground her way ahead, interest was quickened by the captain's word from aloft:

"There's not only one, but a whole family of bears. If you are not too nervous we will get them all."

As the ship came slowly up within range, we saw three great animals ranged upon the edge of the ice and gazing at us intently. What huge beasts they were! Probably never before during their brute existence had they seen a ship or a man. Right well they knew the flickering of the polar lights, and the groaning and thundering of the giant bergs, but here was a new species of animal with which they were not familiar. They looked as innocent as three old sheep, but right well we knew the length and power of their hooked claws and the keenness of their terrible teeth.

As we crept slowly forward, half a dozen hunters, lined up against the bulwarks, fired in a volley. The meditation of the bears ended in sudden and startling activity. One limped rapidly forward a few rods and fell. The other two, wounded, but still active, tumbled clumsily over the edge of the floe and swam rapidly astern.

Before we could lower a boat, down came a fog with that extraordinary and instant suddenness characteristic of the northern seas. It seemed as if the two swimming bears would escape. We landed on the floe and went groping and poking our way forward, watching the ice-hummocks keenly for signs of the brutes. We had groped thus for half an hour when the leading hunter gave a low cry of warning. Close ahead under the lifting fog we saw the two bears sitting like huge dogs on the floe and gazing intently in our direction. As we were getting into position for a volley, they again took to the water, and were making rapidly away when, running along the edge of the floe, we overhauled them, and half a dozen shots judiciously distributed ended their careers.

The ship had followed us down and the two bears were lifted to the deck by the steam winch. The vessel was then put back to the spot where the animals were first sighted, and after a short search the third bear was discovered. He was too weak and sick with his wounds for effectual resistance. He was killed by a ball through the brain and soon lay beside his comrades on the *Falcon*.

They afforded an impressive sight with their huge nailed paws, their keen teeth and their hard and terrible heads, as they lay on the steamer's deck. Hours were spent in removing the skins, which were in splendid condition. Afterward the skeleton of the largest was articulated, and doubtless by this time ornaments the collection of some museum of natural history.

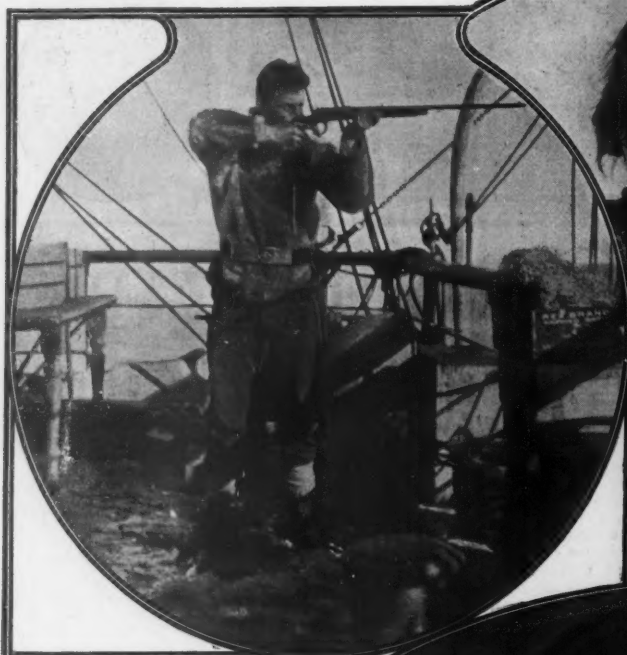
THE "TIGER OF THE NORTH"

We cruised for three weeks around Melville Bay before we had a chance at another bear. One afternoon, as the steamer was gliding southward along the far-reaching floes of the western coast of Ellesmere Land, there came again the familiar cry of "Nannook! nannook!" from the crow's-nest. Immediately all was excitement. The pack of native dogs began to tug at their chains eager for the fray. Shout "Nannook!" to an Eskimo dog and he will understand you as well as if he had sighted the bear. After much pointing and explaining, Tungwee showed us the bear. Almost as far away as the eye could see was a lemon-colored dot on the ice, which the Eskimo's practiced eye had resolved into Bruin. No words were wasted. Over the side of the ship went Ingopadu, the native hunter, followed by his sledges and his dogs, and away they went helter-skelter for the bear on the ice-pack miles away.

We followed as soon as we could grab our rifles and jump into our ice-togs. Ingopadu had a good lead, and it was all we could do to hold our own with the speed he was making. There was no hesitation or doubt in the actions of the Eskimo. He put the pack right at the bear and they closed round it in gallant shape. We could see the "tiger of the north," harried and worried by the yelling pack and the Eskimo dancing about, looking for a chance to use his lance. The dogs did not escape scathless. The bear sat on his



KY-O-PA-DU, CHIEF HUNTER AND MEDICINE MAN



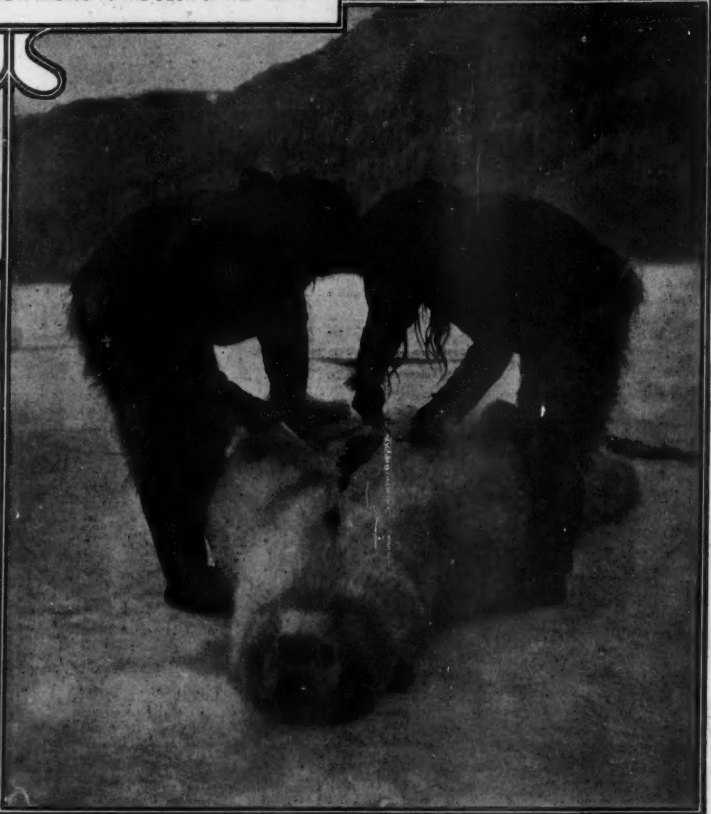
A LONG SHOT AT A WALRUS



PACKING ACROSS BUCHANAN BAY



HARPOONING FROM DECOYS AND HOISTING A WALRUS TO THE DECK OF THE "DIANA"



THE TUG-OF-WAR—WALRUS AGAINST HUNTERS

SKINNING "OLD INDEPENDENCE"—BUCHANAN BAY, JULY 4, 1899

HUNTING BIG GAME WITH PEARY

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HUNTING BIG GAME WITH PEARY



haunches and boxed right and left like a pugilist. At last he caught one venturesome animal a wallop on the ribs that sent him flying twenty feet away, bruised and breathless. It was the old story, however. The battle we were witnessing is as old as the hostility of man and beast, and was the Eskimo method of killing bear since the poles were shifted from the temperate zones. Assailed in front, on the flank and in the rear by scores of enemies, the bear at last became puzzled and weary with his constant efforts, and it would have been an easy matter for Ingopadu to end his career with a lance-thrust. In this instance, however, a well-directed ball from a rifle ended the tragedy. A few minutes later the dogs were dining on bear-steak, and in an hour the magnificent skin and carcass were on board the steamer.

It is a strange fact that, in spite of their thorough knowledge of the possibilities of a rifle-ball, the Eskimos much prefer their own method of killing a bear. Koolitngu, a great Nimrod in his tribe, told us that he would rather have a lance than a rifle in a bear-fight. "It never misses fire," was his sage observation. Some time before our bear-fight on Ellesmere Land, while Koolitngu was hunting in Melville Bay with his friend and companion Astrup, the Norwegian, he brought a huge bear to bay, and aided only by his dogs finished the animal with his lance.

Through the long six-month day we hunted with varying success until we had piled up and cached a splendid store of meat of many kinds. On one occasion, after a long stalk over an almost shelterless waste of snow, we succeeded in bagging a fine deer. At another time a white hare sprang from under our feet, ran a short distance and disappeared. It took Ingopadu an interminable time to point out the open place where it was crouched. Its eyes alone were visible, the snow matching the color of its body so closely that only the most experienced eye could discover it.

FOXES, HARES AND MUSK OXEN

Arctic foxes are by far the most crafty and difficult animals to kill of any four-footed denizens of the polar regions. It is only by the merest accident that the hunter comes across them. One night, or rather, one sleeping period, for it was all night at that time, we were aroused by a rifle-shot from the deck. We found that one of the hunters had shot a blue fox which had been prowling on the floes about the ship. This was one of the seven foxes killed during a period covering a year. We saw them often on the hillsides and on the lofty ledges of Saunders Island, but approaching them was next to an impossibility.

There is very little sport to be found in hunting the musk-ox, although we killed dozens of these animals for the purpose of caching their meat. The number of musk-oxen killed by our hunters was not on account of their numbers but by reason of their stupidity. Years ago the range of this almost extinct type was much greater than at the present time, but man and nature seem to be driving him from the face of the earth. Kane killed musk-oxen south of the Humboldt Glacier almost half a century ago; twenty years ago Hall's men shot them near the winter quarters of the *Polaris* in Newman Bay. They were shot by the English expedition on the western slopes of Grinnell Land, and Peary killed them at Independence Bay, where the lives of himself and party were saved by a single shot at a musk-ox. Their range, however, is gradually growing more restricted, and it seems to be only a question of a few years when they will become entirely extinct.

In September, with a goodly quantity of game yet to kill and cache, we turned our attention to the remote regions far to the south of Inglefield Gulf. Here, on the summit of the high wind-swept plateaus east of Granville Bay, we found several musk-ox skulls, but we failed to see the living animal. While we had rather bad luck in our search for these animals in this part of the Arctic regions, Peary's year in Grinnell Land was unusually fortunate in its musk-ox hunts. It is true that shooting

at a musk-ox somewhat resembles shooting at a Southdown sheep or at a target, but there are occasions in the Arctic regions when one does not care to give the game a flying start.

There was a herd of musk-oxen known to frequent the black region around Fort Conger, and food was wanted. Hunters were sent out last May to kill whatever they could find in the way of eatable meat. Surgeon Dedrick, tramping over the snow-covered wilderness, discovered the herd of musk-oxen in a valley. He succeeded in stalking within rifle-shot, and knocked over one after the other until he had killed sixteen. Only one escaped. It was like range-firing at Creedmoor, and was only excusable because of actual necessity.



Peary and his hunters, although very successful in hunting in the summer of 1898, were still more fortunate in the summer of 1899 in the southwestern portion of Grinnell Land. On the Fourth of July, at the head of Princess Marie Bay, they discovered a herd of musk-oxen. Carefully stealing upon them, Peary and his natives captured all but two, thereby adding a large and necessary store of meat to his supplies.

While the hunters were making their way homeward two little calves, not realizing what had happened, followed them. The queer-looking little beasts remained about the camp, unmindful of danger and apparently contented, until one morning the dogs, breaking from their fastenings, attacked them. The calves fled in terror to the recesses of the bleak hills and were seen no more.

It is the settled opinion both of Peary and of Surgeon Dedrick that the capture and delivery to civilization of the calves of musk-oxen are perfectly practicable, and there is no reason why the Bronx or some other zoological garden may not exhibit specimens of these rarest of bovines.

WHAT PEARY'S HUNTERS KILLED

Cached under the old house at Conger are twenty-eight carcasses, which will bring their full fruit in the great campaign of next year, when Peary will make his dash for the pole. One may judge of how successfully Peary's hunters have carried out their work of provisioning the explorer in his coming expeditions, when Mr. Peary's brief note, sent to the Peary Arctic Club by the steamer *Diana*, is considered. It is as follows:

ETAH, GREENLAND, August 28, 1899.

DEAR SIR—The following comprises our game list from July 15, 1898, to August 2, 1899:

Walrus.....	61
Deer.....	6
Hare.....	82
Seal.....	39
Ooksook seal.....	9
Musk-oxen.....	52
Bear.....	6
Foxes.....	7
Eider ducks.....	15
Ptarmigan.....	15
Guillemots.....	280

From August 2, 1899, till the sailing of the *Diana*:

Walrus.....	111
Deer.....	6
Birds.....	500

These are part of our stock for the ensuing winter.

Very sincerely, R. E. PEARY.

President Peary Arctic Club, New York City.

This note tells at a glance the story of days and nights in the field, among the bergs and the ice-floes, and of the courage and endurance of whites and natives during a most eventful year.

Hunting the big game of the Arctic regions, however it may appeal to the sporting blood of the white hunter, creates no such emotion in the heart of the Inuit. With him, hunting is a cold matter of business, the daily avocation of his life. He hunts to live and lives to hunt. In this avocation he finds food, shelter, and clothing. Without it he would find famine and death. Peary thoroughly realizes the value of the natives in his polar researches and uses them constantly and with good effect. Walrus and bear-meat are staples in the winter menu of Arctic explorers, and the Eskimo are a most valuable aid in procuring these supplies. On the islands along the north of Hudson Straits, bears are perhaps more numerous than in any other portion of the Arctic domain. The Newfoundland sealers tell of a beaten track or "run" made by a procession of bears, and sixty skins were brought back from one voyage, which goes far to prove the truth of the story.

THE ESKIMO AND HIS HARVEST

The game list of the Arctic regions is by no means exhausted when bear, walrus, and musk-ox are mentioned. The useful and ubiquitous seal, which furnishes food, fuel and clothing to the Inuit, is hunted from Cairn Point to Cape Desolation, a stretch of two thousand miles. To the Eskimo in the lonely gloom of the Arctic nights the presence of the seal is like a bountiful harvest to the farmer of the Western prairies. In cold which would freeze a white man to death the native hunter, crouched by the edge of a blow-hole, waits for the wary seal to pop up his head and flounder out on the ice. The wind howls bitterly about the bergs, the long ribbons of the aurora flash and flicker overhead in streams of violet and rose, but the Eskimo never moves. Perhaps miles away in their igloo, or hut of snow, his family await his coming with provisions for the larder. It often happens that he comes home empty-handed. If, however, his long watch is repaid with a seal, there is fat and feasting for man and dog.

At other times the Eskimo spends hours creeping toward a seal on the ice, hoping to get near enough for a lance-thrust before the animal can get into the water. And yet "Home, sweet home," signifies as much to these men as to us. In every igloo in the Arctic regions seal-meat is the food and fuel of man, and the skins are his clothing.

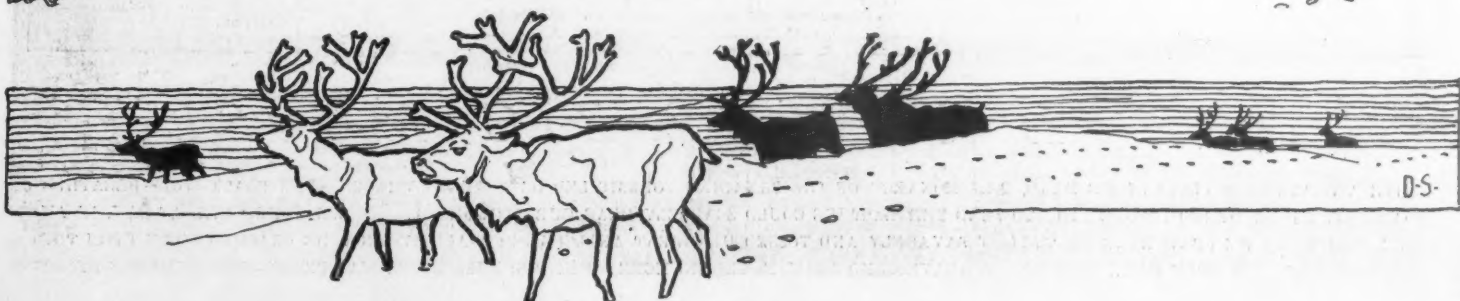
Besides the seal there is the smaller whale, the fellow of the larger cetacean, and the narwhal which frequent the polar waters. These are often captured, though, in the case of the latter, often only through a long and serious struggle.

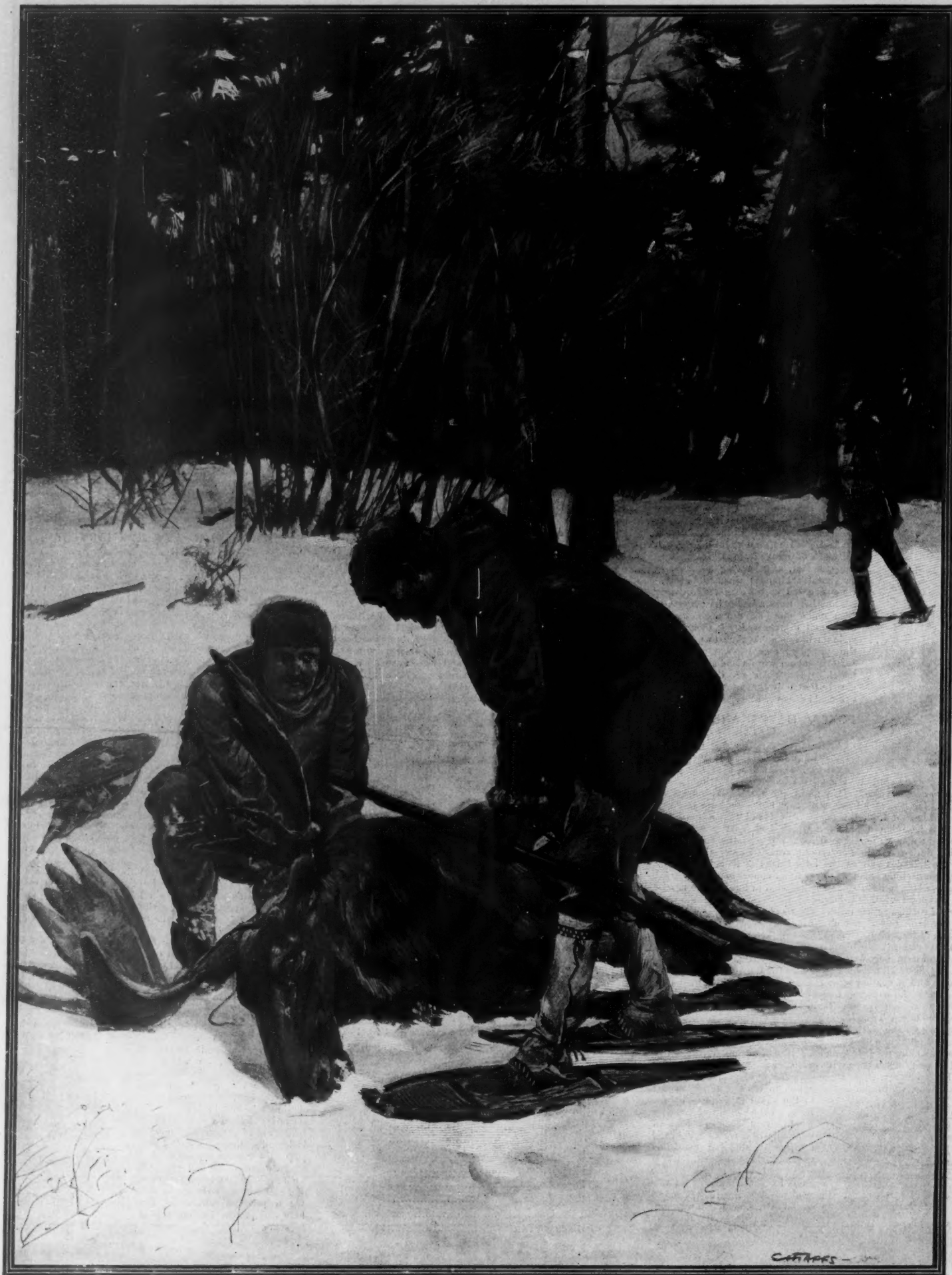
On the bleak highlands around the head of Oelrich's and Academy Bays and the other interior waters of the eastern side of Smith's Sound, Peary's hunters found the graceful caribou of the north. It somewhat resembles a cross between the common red deer of our latitudes and the caribou of the barren grounds of Canada.

This animal afforded us some sport, and when we went hunting them under favorable conditions we rarely came home empty-handed. Some years ago Kessuh, whose son Mennie now attends Mount Hope Public School, brought down from the slopes of Academy Bay, after an all-night hunt, a magnificent saddle and skin, and last summer Angadiloo, husband of "Bill," who ornamented Washington society in 1894-95, captured, on the western side, two fine bucks with perfect skins, though it cost him twenty-four hours of arduous stalking.

Then the whitened ledges of Saunders Island, on which the guillemot swarms in countless flocks, the rolling uplands along Academy Bay, and around every fjord may be found ptarmigan. The rookeries of Etah and of Hakluyt Island are alive with innumerable little auks, and one can hardly step ashore on any point of land that a white rolling ball—the Arctic hare—does not cross his vision.

The hunters of the world have yet a preserve which the frost king will protect for many years to come.

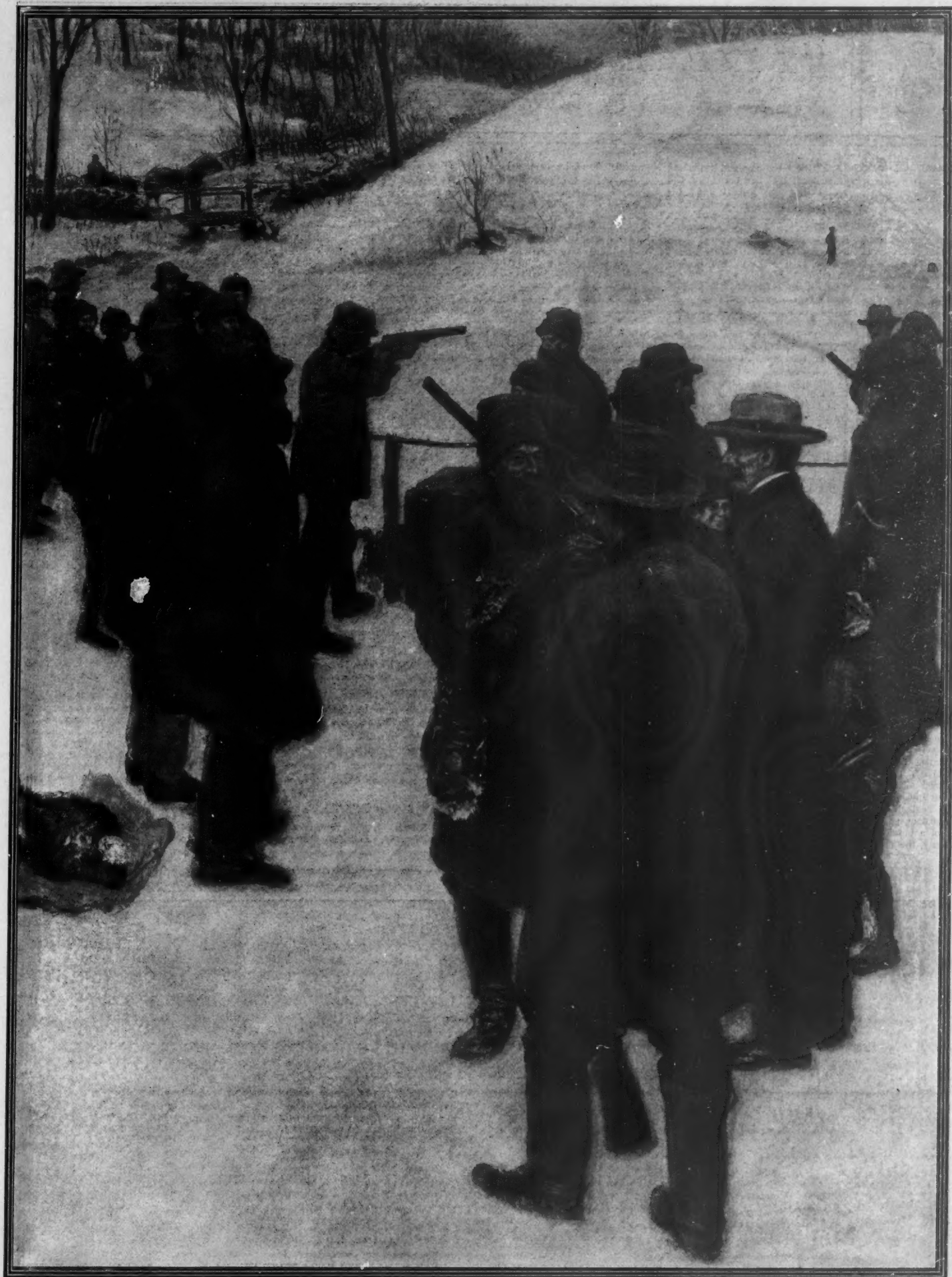




DEATH OF THE BIG MOOSE

"WITH A BRACE OF BULLETS IN HIS HEAD, THIS MONARCH OF THE CANADIAN FORESTS LED US A WEARY CHASE. EVEN BLACK WOLF BREATHED HOARSELY, AS HE URGED US ONWARD. TOWARD THE LAST WE COULD SCARCELY DRAG OUR SNOWSHOES. . . . WE FOUND HIM, AT BAY, IN AN OPEN GLADE. AS WE DREW NEAR HE 'CALLED' SAVAGELY AND TOSSED HIS GREAT ANTLERS. BUT, ALL AT ONCE, HE CRASHED DOWN UPON THE CRUSTED SNOW; HIS BODY GAVE ONE GREAT HEAVE; AND THEN MOVED NO MORE. THE BIG BULL MOOSE WAS DEAD"—THE HUNTER'S STORY

DRAWN BY C. H. TAFFS



A TURKEY SHOOT IN VERMONT

"THE ANCIENT AMUSEMENT OF SHOOTING THE HOLIDAY TURKEY IS A FAVORITE SPORT WITH THE SETTLERS OF A NEW COUNTRY. . . . THE PRICE OF THE CHOICEST BIRD IS USUALLY FIXED AT A SHILLING A SHOT. THE TURKEY IS SECURELY FASTENED AT THE 'MARK,' BUT ITS BODY IS ENTIRELY HID BY THE SURROUNDING SNOW, NOTHING BEING VISIBLE BUT ITS RED SWELLING HEAD AND ITS LONG NECK. IF A FEATHER IS TOUCHED IN A VISIBLE PART, THE ANIMAL BECOMES THE PRIZE OF THE SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURER"—FENIMORE COOPER

DRAWN BY PHILIP L. HOYT

"THE SPORT OF KINGS"

By CUNLIFFE OWEN



thousands in number, who wear the livery of the House of Hapsburg.

In former days Emperor Francis Joseph was exceedingly fond of fox-hunting, but after the Empress was compelled to give up riding, and especially since her tragic death, he has but rarely donned the pink. Nor does fox-hunting find much favor with the members of the reigning house of Great Britain, not one of whom, since the death of the late Duke of Clarence, has shown any enthusiasm in this direction. Indeed, the royal personage who seems most devoted to this particular branch of sport is Emperor William, who takes his fences in the most approved English fashion, and who would look exceptionally well in his British hunting garb were it not for the fact that his fiercely upturned mustaches appear to be somewhat out of keeping with his red coat and top hat.

It need not be imagined from this, however, that the Kaiser restricts himself in matters of sport to fox-hunting. Far from it. It is doubtful, indeed, whether there is any monarch in Christendom, past or present, whose feats as a Nimrod have been of a more varied character, or whose game-book—that is to say, the record of what he has killed—covers a wider

ground. True, he cannot boast of having shot tigers and elephants like his uncle, the Prince of Wales, like the present Czar of Russia, and Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir apparent to the Austro-Hungarian throne. But he has laid low numerous huge bears; he has shot some magnificent elk in Sweden and Norway during the course of hunts organized in his honor by King Oscar and by Crown Prince Gustave, while he possesses among crowned heads the unique distinction of having harpooned with his own hand three colossal whales off the northernmost point of the coast of Norway. The Kaiser has always been anxious to repeat his prowess in far northern latitudes as a whaler, but his family and his constitutional advisers are strongly opposed thereto by reason of the risk involved, it being not only difficult but almost impossible to devise any adequate means of protection for the Emperor against the danger caused by the terrific struggles of a badly wounded or dying whale. In fact, William is fond of everything that pertains to the sea, and may justly claim to have introduced both yachting and rowing into Germany, where they have now taken a place among the national sports. Sculling and rowing matches, as well as regattas, have been organized through his initiative and under his auspices not only at all seacoast towns, but also at Berlin, Frankfurt, Bonn, and, in fact, in nearly every other city where there happens to be a river or a lake within reach to furnish a racecourse, while the yacht races organized by the Imperial German Yacht Club at Kiel, founded by the Kaiser, and of which he is the active president, have now taken rank among the principal international events of the yachting year. His yachting tastes are shared by the Empress, who, as befits a daughter of the old Scandinavian Vikings, knows how to handle a boat with as much courage as skill; and it is doubtful whether she is ever so entirely happy as when sailing *Iduna* off Kiel.

Emperor William is a fine shot; this, too, in spite of the fact that, owing to his left arm being crippled since infancy, he is unable to use it to support his gun. For shooting wild fowl and other small game he employs a very dainty and extremely light fowling-piece, specially constructed for him, which he raises to his shoulder with one hand. But when it comes to hunting bigger game, the killing of which requires a heavier gun, he is naturally forced to adopt other devices. Thus, when engaged in stalking, his body jaeger, specially trained for this particular duty, steps forward and offers either his arm or his shoulder for the support of his master's rifle. In cases where the chase takes the form of a battue, a species of horizontal bar is fixed at right angles to the tree beside which the Emperor stands, and it is on this support that he rests his gun when shooting at the driven game.

His game-book, published a year ago for private circulation among the royal personages and court circles of the Old World, comprised at the time 33,976 head, all killed with his own hand during the space of two decades—wild boars figuring as over 2,700, chamois as 120, and a couple of auerchs, a species of bison-like wild cattle, larger and heavier than the North American buffalo, and which only remain, strictly preserved, in the private domains of the Emperor of Russia. There are but about four hundred of them left, and in spite of all the

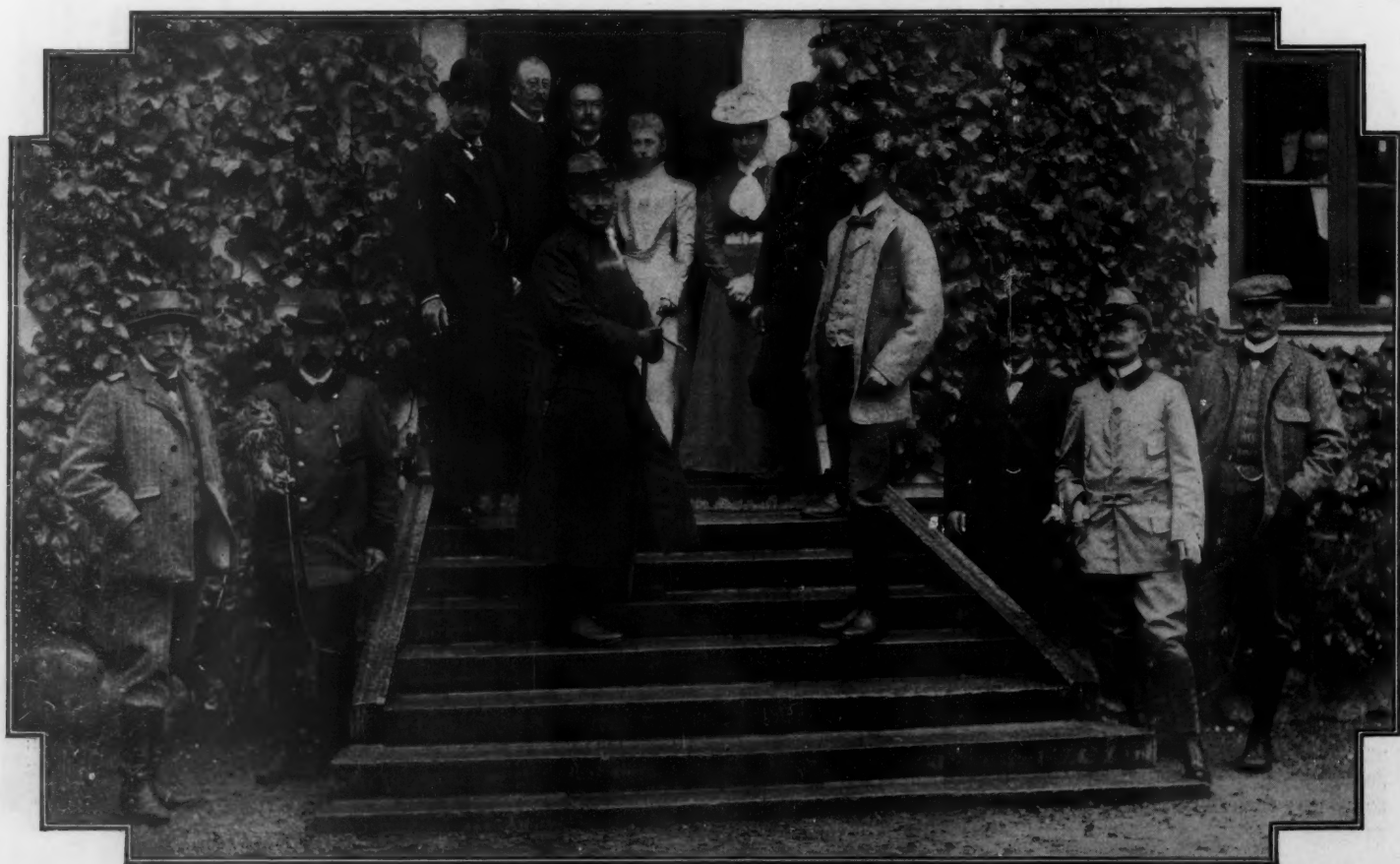
efforts made to foster the breed, they are rapidly diminishing in number.

King George of Greece, almost alone among his brother rulers, cares absolutely nothing about killing things. He never shoots or hunts; and in spite of the fact that he was trained to the sea, and was serving as a midshipman in the British navy when the crown of Greece was placed at his disposal, he has never shown any taste for yachting, differing in this respect from his wife, who holds a sailing master's certificate, and who, thanks to the flag rank which she enjoys in the Russian navy, can boast of being the only admiral in petticoats in existence. But, nevertheless, he is not without having rendered certain services to the cause of sport. For to him belongs the credit of having revived at Athens the Olympic Games of ancient days, which, aside from their archeological interest, have served to recall to life the old-time Grecian devotion to athletics and to feats of endurance.

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy and his Montenegrin consort, who is the finest woman sporting shot in Europe, and who alone among the princesses of the blood can boast of having killed a polar bear during the course of a yachting expedition to the Arctic seas, are never so happy as when stalking mountain goats on the island of Monte Cristo, which they have purchased from the Marquis Ginori and converted into a great game preserve. Not unnaturally, they entertain a certain amount of contempt for King Leopold, whose prowess as a Nimrod take the form of having game driven toward him by beaters, along a narrow avenue, at one end of which he remains comfortably seated in an armchair. He is the only royal personage who is sufficiently unsportsmanlike to shoot sitting.

President Loubet, like all members of that French bourgeoisie of which he is so fine a type, is very fond of shooting, but infinitely prefers a stroll through the woods and fields around Rambouillet, potting ground game with his head gamekeeper, to the more ceremonious Presidential hunting parties, which are merely battues, so arranged as to have the principal portion of the game driven toward the Chief Magistrate and his most important guests, each of whom stands at the apex of avenues which radiate fanlike from a common centre. The beaters remain under cover, and the guns fire only at the game which appears on their respective avenue.

It would be a pity to close this article without a brief reference to Queen Victoria's Master of the Buckhounds or Grand Huntsman, who to American visitors in England possesses exceptional importance, as controlling the admission to the royal inclosure at Ascot. It is at Ascot, during the race week, that he is to be seen in all his glory, especially when, leading a gorgeously arrayed mounted body of Queen's huntsmen, and himself invested with the emblems of his office, he rides at the head of the royal procession of carriages, along the course, on the opening day. The Queen herself has not attended the Ascot races since the death of her husband, nearly half a century ago. But the Prince and Princess of Wales, together with any other members of the royal family who may happen to be within reach, generally arrange to take part in this picturesque state procession that constitutes each year the inauguration of what is known as Royal Ascot.



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AT THE HUNTING LODGE AT SKABERSJO



EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF GERMANY (w) AT A FOX HUNTERS' MEET



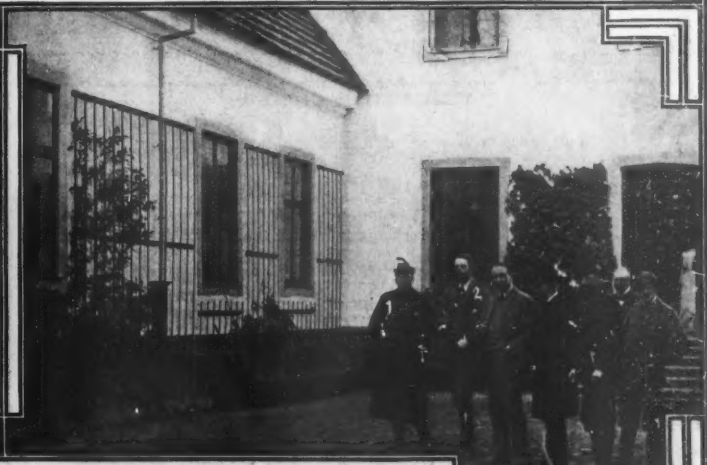
THE GERMAN EMPEROR ABOUT TO DISTRIBUTE YACHTING PRIZES AT KIEL



KING GEORGE OF GREECE (w) WATCHING THE HORSE RACES AT ATHENS



PRESIDENT LOUBET SHOOTING AT RAMBOUILLET, HIS COUNTRY SEAT



A ROYAL HUNTING PARTY AT SKABERSJÖ. (1, EMPEROR WILLIAM; 2, CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN)



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE PADDOCK AT THE BADEN-BADEN RACECOURSE

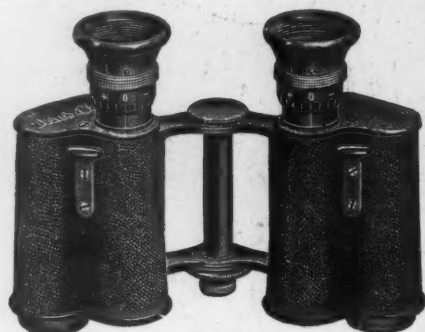


THE PRINCE OF WALES GREETING HIS HORSE AT THE "GRAND NATIONAL," 1900

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ASH HOLLOW AND THE TRIANGLE OF DEATH

HOW MARAUDING SAVAGES WERE TAUGHT A BITTER LESSON NEAR FORT SEDGWICK IN THE FALL OF '67, AND HOW THE SIOUX AND CHEYENNES "CLEANED UP" A TROOP OF CUSTER'S CAVALRY, UNDER LIEUTENANT KIDDER, AT BEAVER CREEK—TWO THRILLING STORIES OF A SERIES DEALING WITH THE PERSONAL EXPERIENCES OF THE AUTHOR DURING OUR SANGUINARY WESTERN INDIAN WARS

By W. J. CARNEY, Author of "With Troops on The Frontier," Etc., Etc. : : : Drawings by E. W. DEMING



WE WERE ALL startled at three o'clock one morning by hearing the barrack sergeant calling to us to turn out. On the outside the buglers were blowing "Boots and Saddles," and before we were all down to the stables they sounded the call of "Lead into line." There was no delay for hot coffee; but fortunately the horses, being fed at the first alarm, had their corn. We got into line at once. Then came the word, "Forward—march! Trot!" And we swept by the barracks down to the adjutant's office. Here we were halted. Our old captain was there, and all the men were in hopes he would be our leader; but his old wound was open, and troubled him so badly that he could not ride a horse. As hunting Indians with the leader in an ambulance is not the way to do things, we had to be content with Lieutenant Arms.

We were still in the dark as to the object of our sudden call, but well knew it was not a picnic. We did not remain long halted, but struck out at a brisk trot down the South Platte. After being on the road a short while we learned where we were going. The Indians had been heard from the night before, and had attacked Penney's bull train about twenty-five miles below the fort. The train was encamped near the Platte River, between Beauway's and the Sixteen Mile Ranch. About nine in the morning we arrived at the camp, and found a sad state of affairs. Two men had been killed and scalped right near the corral. The rest were behind the wagons, which had been corraled. This corral is formed by driving all the wagons in a circle and locking the front wheels of one wagon inside the hind wheels of the wagon next in front. By doing this, with say twenty-five

wagons, a fort is quickly formed that is very hard to break through. If there is time to get the animals into this inclosure they are practically safe. Thus protected, a small party of well armed, experienced men can give a large number of Indians a stand-off as long as food and ammunition hold out. The two night herders and one other were missing. Near the bank of the river we soon found their dead bodies, scalped and horribly mutilated. Nothing could be done here, so we unsaddled and made coffee. An hour later we were again in the saddle and fording the South Platte. The Indians had run off all the stock that they did not kill. On the west side of the river we came on the trail. One hundred and four head of oxen, besides their own ponies, made a track too plain to try to hide. The Indians had about six or eight hours' start, and were going fast. It is surprising with what speed Indians can get over the ground with such slow travellers as oxen. They don't allow them to stop a moment, but keep them at a kind of trot, or amble, which, though it seems slow, is really about a six mile an hour gait. As most always happens after an Indian raid, it began to rain; but the trail was too big to be blotted out. From the trainmen we could get no idea of the number of the Indians; but, judging by the pony tracks, there must have been over one hundred. We numbered forty, and had no fears of not being able to handle the Indians with the stock; but it seemed strange to Black Jack, our old scout, that the Indians would dare to do as they had and then leave a trail so easily followed. Every little ways we would come upon one of the cattle, either dead or dying by the side of the trail. They were being driven fast. Each one had its tail cut off close to the backbone, which causes intense suffering. We shot them to end their misery. We talked it all over as we galloped along. It was plain that the Indians knew there was a company of cavalry

at Fort Sedgwick which would be sent after them. This, and the taking of the stock, the haste and the defiant trail, could mean but one thing—that the trail led straight into a camp containing hundreds of Indians. But we rode on. We questioned Black Jack, and found that this was his opinion too.

About dark we halted and let our horses rest a little; we put on their nose-bags containing three quarts of corn. One thing an old cavalryman never forgets is to take the best of care of his horse; for on the horses often depends the success or failure of an Indian fight. Many and many a time, when his corn was gone, I have fed my last hardtack to my horse. He had to carry me and all my load, and needed it more than I. The best place for a cavalryman's grub is in his horse's belly. The men were uneasy. Not that we were cowards, nor that we were going to plunge blindly into a merciless enemy, outnumbering us perhaps ten, perhaps fifty, to one, but because we were so poorly armed. A few days before the government had taken away our Star carbine, not a good gun to be sure, yet infinitely better than the almost worthless weapon we then had, the Joselyn. On drill, when well oiled, it would work all right, but after three or four shots had been fired the breech would clog and then the gun was of no more use than a club. This was the first and last time we ever carried this so-called arm. It was called in, and we had issued to us the Spencer, a reliable seven-shot carbine, the best I ever saw in the service. But on this trip we had only this poor excuse for a gun. How we longed for even the old-fashioned muzzle-loading, "Springfield," the infantry "Long Tom," in its place, probably the most awkward gun a horseman could carry. And we did not even have revolvers. I mention this all-important point at some length, for it made us very uneasy that evening, waiting there on the plains in the growing darkness. If any of the boys that were there



MY PARTY RODE CLEAR THROUGH THE CAMP, RIGHT OVER THE FIRES

that night read this they will remember well how we felt about this matter. As we knew the extractors would not throw out the exploded cartridge after the first shot, we hunted around for sunflower stalks or pieces of sage brush to be used as ramrods. These we stuck in the big brass buckles of our sling belts.

As it grew darker the reflection of fire could be seen on the sky right ahead. We tightened our saddle girths and soon were going in the direction of the fire. We all knew by this time that there was trouble ahead. As we drew near to the light on the sky we thought we must be very near the hostile camp, but in talking with Black Jack we learned that, according to his idea, the Indians were camped on the old Ash Hollow battlefield; a place where there was both wood and water, and where, years before, General Harney had fought a big battle with the Sioux and Cheyennes; and in that case we must cross the North Platte River to reach them. This proved to be the case, and it was not until ten o'clock at night that we halted, wet and cold, about one mile from the camp. It might hold two hundred Indians, and it might hold two thousand; how many we knew not. One thing we did know, that we were in for a fight; and that after the first fire we must depend solely on our sabres. Lieutenant Arms

the ball had opened. Our party did not lose an instant, but, putting spurs to our horses, went over the ridge and down the slope. The Indians were taken completely by surprise. At best they are but poor fighters at night; and they stood for a short time as if stunned, making no resistance. If the Indians were surprised we were no less so, as two squads of our men seemed to have disappeared altogether. My party rode clear through the camp, right over the fires, and I think most of us made our one shot count. We met on the other side Sergeant Tod and his party, and they also rode through the camp. But what had become of the other two squads? We were not left long in doubt. We wheeled and again charged across the camp.

When we got to the opposite side the trouble, if it could be called trouble, was explained. There was an old blind ditch that Harney's men had made for breastworks. This had grown full of weeds and long prairie grass, so that it could not be seen, especially at night. The guide did not speak of it, and when the men came charging down the hill their horses stumbled into it and floundered in the mud. So the charge of these two squads was stopped, but as our party rode to each side of them they opened fire on the Indians, which completely demolished them. The accident proved to be most fortunate, as the ditch concealed from the Indians

been in the saddle a good long time, with a good, honest, hard fight at the end of it. Only six of our number were wounded and none dead. We captured all of the stolen stock that was not killed, forty Indian ponies, and no end of Indian relics, such as bows, arrows, drums and stone axes; in fact, we had a whole museum of things. What we valued most was a lot of beautiful buffalo robes, well tanned, from which, afterward, we made caps and gloves for the winter.

As we rode into the fort it was hard to tell whether we were Indians or soldiers. Most of the boys rigged themselves out in Indian blankets, head dresses, and the big war bonnets. Many rode the little Indian pony and led their own horses. For my part, I was glad to be again where I could lie down and rest. I dreaded the removing of the silk handkerchief. Mine was a bad wound and left an ugly scar; but fortunately did not put me out of the service. Charles Moore was the only man that had to be discharged, as an arrow wound cost him the use of his left arm. This all happened at Fort Sedgwick, Colorado, the fall of '67. The stolen stock was returned to Penney and the captured ponies turned over to the quartermaster.

But, best of all, we had done our duty. We had shown the Indians what it was to fight the pale face, even ten to one,



DEAD INDIANS WERE PILED UP WITH THE HORSES, FORMING A TRIANGLE

now held a council of war with the whole command. It was decided to divide our men into four squads of ten each. We were to take up our positions on the four sides of the camp, and at the signal of a pistol shot all charge at once, yelling and firing, like a whole regiment. But we were not to fire until right on to the redskins, so as to make every shot count. All this time we were hid in a long, low ravine. Each squad got its orders and we separated.

As our squad moved up over the ridge, I could hear the Indians' dogs barking, and I was sure that we must be discovered in time to prevent the surprise, for there is no army or no people that keep a better watch than the Indians. But for some reason their vigilance was relaxed this night, and we were able to approach unseen. I could now hear the murmur of the camp. Our squad halted just under the crest of the highest hill, overlooking the savages. Leaving the rest, I crawled to the top, and there, spread out below me, was the Indian camp. It was here, lying on my face, that I took my observations. As it would take two of the other squads longer to get to their position than it did us I had a chance to look things over well. The Indians that had been on the raid had arrived only a short time before. The stolen oxen were there. The Indians had slaughtered the fattest and were roasting and feasting. I could see the painted, almost naked, bodies of the small party that were circling around the fire, singing some sort of a song or chant due to that occasion; but the most of them were wrapped in their blankets, sitting by the fires eating the roasted meat. I saw that nearly all the poor oxen had their tails cut off short and were wandering around, bellowing with pain, though some were lying down, resting from their long drive. I did the best I could to form an estimate of their numbers. As near as I could judge, there were four hundred Indians. As there were no squaws or papooses, I saw that it was not their village, but a war party. I would have been willing to give all I ever saw if at that moment our men were better armed. I really believed that, with the surprise we would give them, if we had revolvers to bring into play after the first volley, we could win a complete victory. One of the men whispered to me to get back, that the other men were now in position, and the signal might be given at any moment. I was hardly in the saddle when a shot was heard that seemed to be right in the Indian camp. So sure were we of this that we waited a moment until we heard the cheering, and then we knew that

the size of the attacking party. Escape seemed to be their only object, and many fled up the hill, down which my squad had charged. Soon the twenty men that had charged the camp were loaded and ready for another dash.

This time we got a warmer reception, and two of us were disabled. We rode clear around the camp and came to the men still firing from the ditch. All together again, we contented ourselves with shooting at anything in the shape of an Indian that showed up. By this time, though, the Indians had got back their nerve and were lying low in the long grass. As we were taking pot shot at them, they kept a steady stream of arrows flying all the time at us. One big, fine-looking warrior was fighting near an old stump; a log about ten feet long was lying behind the stump. This Indian stood up in full view. He was naked to the waist. That was all we could see of him from where we were, though the only part of his body at which we could get a shot was his head and one shoulder. He was grand as he stood, sending the arrows from his bow. He was without fear. He had a full sight of some of the horses stuck in the ditch, and was making us lots of trouble. Many fired at him, but their bullets could not find flesh. A few of us that were still mounted were ordered to ride him down. We started, and the brave fellow stood, sending those arrows till we killed him. One of his last shafts made a terrible wound in my neck. As I rode back I saw his body with the whole top of the head blown off. I pulled out the arrow. Blood was pouring from my throat, and I came near bleeding to death before my comrades could stuff a silk handkerchief into the wound. We had no surgeon along, and the wound remained untouched for three days. The Indian had been shot through both legs and also through the hips. He knew he could not get away, nor could he live. Seated on the log so that he seemed to be standing, he fought to the end.

We now could not see a redskin, though the air was thick with arrows. The wind being right, we gathered all the stock to one side and set fire to the long, dry grass. Now and then an Indian would jump and run, and by the light of the flames we would let drive at him. That ended it. The savages scattered to the winds. In the morning, as far as the eye could reach out over the prairies, there was not a live Indian to be seen. In all we killed twenty-six Indians and wounded I don't know how many, as the Indians generally carry off all their injured. Our men were pretty well tired out. We had

and that savages could no longer come and rob and burn and scalp the white man. Taken altogether, we had every reason to be proud of the Ash Hollow fight.

But the story of all the desperate Indian fights that have occurred in the West is still told around the campfire. As an exhibition of desperate courage carried to its last limit, it will evoke the admiration of the reader as it has that of the plainmen. It is that of "The Triangle of Death" fight. And this is the way it happened:

The overland stage brought temporary addition to the officers at Fort Sedgwick, Colorado; a young lieutenant fresh from West Point named Kidder. His first appointment was to the Seventh Cavalry, that was now scouting along the Republican River. Though only several days' ride from the fort, just where they were was not known. Custer was in command, and had been driving the Indians toward the upper forts; yet the whole country was alive with Sioux and Cheyennes. When Lieutenant Kidder arrived there was but one troop of cavalry and three companies of infantry at Fort Sedgwick. A request to General Potter for an escort to accompany him to his regiment was refused on the ground that so small a party as the general could then afford to give him could not possibly get through. Even then Troop M of the Second Cavalry was under marching orders to leave the fort next day on a scouting expedition toward the Black Hills. Just as the troop was all ready to start an order to postpone the trip was handed to Captain Mix. This was Kidder's opportunity. He begged so hard to go that the general at last consented.

At first General Potter ordered Captain Mix to detail twelve of the best men in his company as Kidder's escort. For non-commissioned officers the captain selected Sergeant A. T. Carrick, late Police Judge of Baltimore, and myself as the corporal, leaving the rest to us. Carrick picked five men, and I the other five. Carrick chose Christian Felto, William Curry, William Humphrey, John Lawlor, and Herman Smith; mine were Michael Healey, William Floyd, Michael Growman, Alonzo Defo, and Michael Connell. An hour before starting Sergeant Close and Corporal Haynes were substituted for Carrick and myself. This was at the special request of Close and Haynes, who had brothers in the Seventh and wished to see them. They were green men, having had no experience whatever in Indian warfare, nor had either ever been on the prairies. They had lately come to us from

ASH HOLLOW AND THE TRIANGLE OF DEATH

the exhibition or dandy company, at Carlisle Barracks, then head rendezvous for recruits. It was said that both had influence with their superior officers. It must have been so, for after joining our company they retained their sergeant and corporal stripes, something unheard of before, as they had been given those stripes without seeing any active service whatever. Not having been promoted for gallantry in the field, no one could say whether they were brave or not, as no one ever saw them tried. Still, they may have been, and no doubt were, brave men. But Sergeant Carrick was a brave, experienced man; many times tried and proven; a very brave, good soldier. I say nothing against Close and Haynes, except that they were green and did lots of things neither Carrick nor myself would have done; camping in a hollow, allowing all the men to go in bathing at once, and going through a hostile Indian country as if on a picnic. When found, the party was twenty-five miles south of where they should have been. It was fourteen men with no one in authority that knew the country, the ways of the enemy, or even active service. Though the scout and the men were old Indian fighters, this counted for nothing, as their lips were sealed by an iron discipline. It is one of the evils of the discipline of the regular army that no private, no matter what the danger nor how incompetent the officer, can even offer a suggestion; and these men, scarred in many an Indian battle, were held silent under green officers. Theory commanded Experience. This long explanation is given that the results may be better understood.

They had for a guide Red Bead, a full-blooded Sioux Indian chief. This Red Bead was head chief of the tribe of Indians that made such a gallant fight against the Eleventh Ohio Volunteer Cavalry on Laramie plains in 1865. The Ohio men were outnumbered six to one, and were nearly all killed, Major English escaping with a few of his men. After this fight, or massacre, Red Bead came into Fort Laramie alone and surrendered. He made a vow never again, except in self-defence, to take arms against the pale-face. When the government became satisfied that he was honest in his desire to leave the life of the savage and become the friend of the white man, this old Indian was made a government scout. He was now to guide Kidder and his escort in their search for Custer. It was a beautiful summer's evening, and as the little party drew up in line in front of the adjutant's office their comrades came down to bid them good-by. They were not to leave until dusk; as it was considered safer to travel at night and rest in some ravine during the day. In this way they could avoid being seen by the Indians, who were travelling north and west. At last the order came; a grip of the hand and they rode away. We could see the glimmer of the big brass buckles on their sling belts as they slowly worked their way up the steep bluffs behind the fort; and we watched to catch a last glimpse of them as they went up and over the crest. It was nearly dark as they waved their last farewell on top of this high hill. The rest of this story I gathered from Pawnee Killer himself, an old Indian, who, like Red Bead, afterward became civilized and a friend to the whites. He was the chief in command during the events I am about to describe, and from his lips we learned the sad, sad facts.

For some unaccountable reason the officers did not keep to their first and better plan of marching by night and resting by day. On the second day out, the white men, all unknown to them, had been sighted by an Indian runner. From that moment their every move was being watched by the scouts of Pawnee Killer, who, with a band of some three hundred warriors, kept in the background ready to spring at the first good chance. Lieutenant Kidder and his escort had been travelling three days when they arrived at Beaver Creek. It was late in the afternoon. The men were hot and dusty, and had been without water for thirty-six hours, so, upon beholding this clear, cold stream, camp was made and the whole party

prepared to go in swimming. Just over the hill behind them, silent on their horses, crouched three hundred Indians. If Lieutenant Kidder had been longer on the frontier he would not have allowed all his men to go into the water at once with none to guard. The scout could not speak much English, was evidently ignored, and the sergeant must have been asleep to permit it. They seemed to throw all caution to the winds, and nearly all stripped and plunged in.

The chance had come. A swelling, shaking roar of coming hoofs, and over the hill came a wave of red. Down the slope, in a swirling cloud of dust, burst an avalanche of shrieking, shooting Indians. Over the camp and away they went, sending showers of arrows into the naked whites. Two white men were hit, but not disabled. The water protected the rest. From the creek they rushed for their horses, to secure them from stampeding. The camp was in wild confusion; but after the excitement of the surprise was over the men settled down to business and began pumping the lead into the redskins without mercy. Each man was armed with a seven-shot Spencer carbine, and a Remington six-shooter, and had two hundred rounds of ammunition. Besides this there were two thousand rounds carried by the pack mule. There were plenty of cartridges. At the time of the attack Red Bead was about five hundred yards away from camp, creeping up a ravine to get a shot at a bunch of antelope. He was hidden in a clump of sage brush, and from there watched the fighting going on down in the bottom. How to dash in and out, strike and get away, or circle around, not stand and fight, is the Indian way of battle. Again came the savages, tearing through the camp. The lieutenant and two of the men were killed, but eleven remained. One now ran from horse to horse, and after leading each animal to the place he wanted him, shot him down. In this way he quickly made good breastworks. Dead Indians were piled up with the horses, forming a triangle. Behind this they now prepared to sell their lives. As the redskins came, first from one side, then from another, the white men crawled over and among the dead horses. In this way they had fair protection, until the attack began from both sides at once. After the first two or three charges the fine shooting of the regulars cooled the Indians' ardor, and, just out of range, they commenced circling the little camp, endeavoring to waste its fire. One of the Indians, to show his bravery, rode close to the besieged men, threw himself alongside his running pony, fired from under the horse's neck, and got away safely. But the second time, growing more bold, he came closer. A shot from the little fort brought down his pony, and, before he could find shelter, another one laid him out. The Indians now made every effort to get the body of the dead warrior. It proved a good bait for the white men, for in the attempt to bring off their dead six savages were brought down. It is a part of the Indian religion not to leave dead or wounded in the hands of the enemy, and to recover them the living risk their lives with religious recklessness. The fight had been going on a little over an hour when the Indians discovered Red Bead. They started for him. The brave old fellow made them pay dear for his scalp. He might have been able to make his peace with those of his own tribe, but instead he fought like a demon until out of ammunition. He had only what was contained in his belt when he started to stalk the antelope. Whether or not he took his own life with his last cartridge is not known, but he was dead when they got to him. Around his body lay one hundred and fifty empty shells. For the men within the triangle there now could be but little hope; the one chance left was for some hunting or scouting party to be attracted by the firing and come to their aid, or an hour would end it. This was but one chance in a thousand, for at that time the Beaver Creek country was a wild, trackless place, not a human within fifty miles. Hope had been centred on Red Bead and died with him.

Help could come only from within or above. From the brow

of the hill to the timber along the creek is four hundred yards. The dead lieutenant made the fatal mistake of pitching camp on the slope half way between. The hill commanded the camp. The attack changed. Though armed mostly with bows, yet the Indians had perhaps twenty "heap smoke sticks," as the Indian told me long afterward. But even from two hundred yards an Indian arrow is dangerous; and at half this distance it is more deadly than the cavalryman's revolver. Almost all of the redskins now gathered in the timber just across the creek below the camp. From safety here they sent up clouds of arrows, sticking into the carcass fort. All unsuspecting, and seeking cover from that shower of death, the remaining poor fellows behind the breastworks jumped to the side facing the hill. The Indians in the timber gave the signal. Instantly ten or more of the fiends came over the hill and fired into their backs. This seemed to end the struggle, as there was no sign of life in what now appeared to be the triangle of death. After waiting a little the red devils began to cautiously approach, but when within one hundred yards three shots were fired and three more savages went to the happy hunting grounds. The whole three hundred Indians now made a dash for the brave defenders of the death heap, but were met by a stream of shots. Indians in those days were not used to going against repeating rifles, and with the Spencer seven-shooter in the hands of three such experienced men the redskins were led to think they were targets for a dozen sharpshooters. With one cartridge in the breech and seven in the magazine, these three men sent twenty-four bullets into the red ranks so quickly that it drove them back. But the end was not far off. Weeks later we found nothing but their skeletons. When the party on the hill attacked again the three remaining cavalrymen shook hands, stood up and delivered their fire as if on skirmish drill. Three against three hundred. The red demons were coming at them from all sides. There was no hope. The white men were now firing from revolvers, one in each hand. Suddenly one of them received an arrow in the breast, but he did not fall. His comrade reached over and pulled it out. Then he sank to his knees, lay over on the heap of dead, fired another shot, tried to raise his hand again, but fell, rolled over, and lay still. Only two were left. Soon one of them staggered and fell against his comrade, who lifted him tenderly and laid him down, dead. Finding himself alone, the last man looked wildly around on the bloody, ghastly heap of dead men and horses, looked out and all over the plains. He did not seem to realize that his enemies had stopped shooting. He walked to the left of the pile of dead to where the lieutenant lay, stooped down, and peered into his face. Then he came back to where he had stood, and where his last comrade fell. Kneeling down, he turned the dead man's head and looked at his face. Then he stood up, and for the first time noticed that the Indians were closing in on him, and that the arrows had stopped. He ran quickly from body to body, picked up and hurriedly examined their revolvers. Some he kept, others he dropped. When through he had four. He stepped to a dead horse, no doubt his own, and, putting his foot on its side, began to shoot. The Indians wanted to get him alive, for torture. He knew this. They dodged here and there; and when they thought he had fired his last shot closed in on him. He dropped both revolvers, and with folded arms stood waiting. With a yell of triumph they rushed at him. The one in the lead was a big, hideous-looking warrior, a chief in a white-feathered war bonnet. When the Indian was within ten feet the soldier stooped and grabbed the two revolvers. The savage leaped for his victim, but the white man put a bullet between the eyes of the Indian, who threw up his hands and plunged forward, dead. Then the soldier fired the last shot into his own brain and fell across the pile of dead men in the triangle of death.

THE END



A Seasonable Feller: By Frank L. Stanton

'M MIGHTY fond o' winter, when the frost
is lyin' gray
On the gardens where we frolicked with the
flowers o' the May:

When they have the candy-pullin's, an' the cider's sharp an' sweet,
An' the music o' the fiddle makes a fidget in yer feet!

Then you'll find me shore
On the creakin' cabin floor,
A-dancin' ev'ry quadrille an' a-coxin' 'em fer more!

I've got a friendly feelin' fer the spring, so rosy-dressed,
With the wind in all her ringlets an' the blossoms on her breast:
When the mockin' birds air singin', an' you hear the honey-bees,
An' the robins an' the rabbits air as happy as you please!

Then you'll find me shore
Jest a-th'owin' wide the door
To the sunshine an' the singin', an' a-whistlin' out fer more!

An' then I like the season when the summer comes along,
An' the drowsy, dreamful weather's like a sigh that's in a song:
When the cattle-bells air clankin' on the dusty hill an' plain,
An' the lilies air a-holdin' of their silver cups fer rain.

Then I takes my ease
In the shadders o' the trees,
While the partridge in the medder whistles lively fer a breeze!

An' I like the fall time, bretherin'—when the leaves air gold an'
gray:
When all's so still 'pears like the wind has sighed itself away
From the scented shadders o' the night, an' from the sleepy
day—
When, if you'd only listen, you'd hear all the angels—Say!

Then you'll find me shore
Jest a-th'owin' wide the door
An' lettin' heaven come down to me, an' askin' 'em fer more!



DRAWN BY PHILIP R. GOODWIN

"CORNERED!"—A TRAGEDY

ER'S WEEKLY



GEDY OF THE ROCKIES



... WEARS THE STUNNINGEST COSTUMES, AND IS VERY MUCH INTERESTED IN CHARITIES. ... SHE IS SUCH A CHARMING LITTLE WOMAN, YOU KNOW, HER FRIENDS SAY, HARDLY MORE THAN A CHILD. THREW HERSELF AWAY UPON A POOR DEVIL OF AN ARTIST, A DREADFUL BOHEMIAN SORT OF A PERSON ... QUITE IMPOSSIBLE

The Dollar Mark

George Wharton Edwards.

Author of "Thumb Nail Sketches," "Rivalries of Long and Short Codiac," "P'tit Matin," etc., etc.



NEVER SEE the dollar mark but I am reminded of poor Bob Tapley. There is a long story behind the one I am about to tell which is hardly worth writing because it lacks novelty. This one is not going to be a pretty tale, and perhaps the ladies who read it will not think highly of Bob Tapley, but that will matter little to Bob now. Bob Tapley was an artist, if ever one lived, and I am sure if by some process he could have been formed out-

wardly after his inner nature he would have been what the women call a beautiful man; but, as it was, Bob was decidedly homely—red-haired, freckled, with a small head, a low forehead and a thin face—but Bob was white-souled with it all. He painted his idyls, and industriously used the time in his big studio on the top floor of the old University Building on Washington Square. He sold his pictures—sometimes for fair prices—dressed decently, and was a gentleman. The critics spoke well of his work, his brother painters did not abuse him, and I imagine that he was reasonably content with life.

It was at this time that the Waites gave a tea, to which they invited, as celebrities, a bishop, an explorer, a famous caricaturist, a bushy-headed pianist, and Bob Tapley, because, you see, of Bob's success with his picture at the Water-Color Exhibition. I don't remember what the picture was about, but I do recall that it was very pink where it should have been blue, and blue where it should have been pink, and that it really out-Moneted Monet as an example of disintegrated color. It went, and so Bob came—arrived, so to speak.

The Waites had a large house on Washington Square, and seemed to live well. Mrs. Waite was a heavy, vulgar-looking woman, with darkened eyebrows and that portion of her complexion which was not boughed of a muddy tone, but she had a charming manner of receiving one that forever after blinded one to the vulgarity of her appearance. It's no matter about Waite; he doesn't come into the story at all.

When Bob and I entered the room together she was talking with the Bishop, who generally is to be found at the tea-table among the young ladies, absorbing an amazing quantity of tea and loudly haw-hawing at his own jokes. Mrs. Waite saw and lurched forward to meet us, said a few choice words of welcome to me, and carried Bob off to a corner where a lot of men were bending over a young woman who was dressed in a bright scarlet costume and who was talking very loudly. Simms, whom I found wandering about studying the bric-a-brac and wondering what he came for, informed me that the red gown contained the beautiful Miss Beaton from Baltimore, and that was all he knew of her save that she had captivated the men.

Now, it happened that Miss Beaton was on the lookout for a sensation, so when she saw Bob Tapley she dropped all the rest instantly. Bob had never seen much of women, particularly this sort, and when Miss Peggy dawned upon his horizon, with her mass of blonde hair, her peaches and cream complexion, and her astonishing vivacity, frankness and egotism, why, Bob was just hers, forever, and goodness knows how soon he told her so, or whether it was necessary to tell her at all, for that matter. She had never seen a man like Bob before; her associations had been with the aimless young men of the South, for Art does not exactly flourish—I would say, Art in the South is looked upon as—well—that has nothing to do with this story. Suffice it that Bob was a new sort of being to Miss Peggy Beaton, and she chased him as an entomologist chases and captures a rare specimen of lunar moth, and fixed him upon her tablets with the daintiest of gold-pencils, which poor Bob wore afterward upon his watch-chain.

Thereafter Bob's dress-coat saw service; his afternoons were spent at teas, kettledrums and tiffins, and whatever else they call them, and his spare cash went for flowers and pretty trifles to pour into the lap of Miss Peggy. Bob was in love; at least he thought he was, which is perhaps much the same thing.

Now, having caught Bob, I fancy Miss Peggy hardly knew what to do with him; and just here began Bob's struggles with himself. Perhaps he felt the pin that fastened him among the other specimens in Miss Peggy's collection. However, his struggles grew less and less, until finally—well, out came cards for a wedding—Mr. and Mrs. (I forget the name) request the pleasure of your company at the wedding of Miss Peggy Beaton, daughter of the late Honorable John Parke Beaton of Baltimore, to Robert Bruce Tapley of New York, etc., etc.

The wedding was to take place at one of the Oranges, where Miss Peggy had a cousin who dealt in Prussian Blue somewhere down on the East River front. Bob begged me to be his best man, and I consented, so I am able to tell much about the whole affair. I was asked out to dine and spend an evening with Miss Peggy at the Prussian Blue man's house. The dinner was a melancholy affair, in spite of Miss Peggy's ingenuous chatter. The P. B. man was a pompous sort of creature, who sucked in his breath before speaking, and uttered his ponderous commonplaces as if he felt that he honored his listeners. He had a lobby of collecting samples

of dirt from all parts of the globe, and had arranged his specimens in homeopathic pill bottles in rows against the wall. I confess before the evening was over I could have smashed them all with glee, but I endured it for Bob's sake and got away decently.

On the wedding night I saw to Bob's traps for him, and together we arrived at the P. B. man's house. It was not to be a large affair, only half a hundred or so people being invited.

The Bishop, who was to pronounce the words over Bob and Miss Peggy, the P. B. man, Bob and I, made a small party in an upstairs room where a cold bottle was opened; and the Bishop haw-hawed in a most fatherly way over Bob, wobbled his jowls, told chestnutty tales suited to the occasion, and enjoyed them immensely.

I must say that the P. B. man did the thing up handsomely. There were roses, rare orchids, and things festooned everywhere; and in the hallway, behind a large leafy screen of tropical plants, were musicians who played softly and delightfully the whole evening. Well, the next thing I remember is standing up with Bob, who looked almost handsome, before the Bishop, and Miss Peggy, in a cloud of white silk and lace, coming down the parlor on the arm of old P. B., who was violet in the face with the importance of the occasion. And then in a few moments there was Bob with a wife for ever and ever.

The whole thing had been done in a hurry, in Bob's impetuous way. He could know little or nothing of the young lady who was henceforth to bear his name and share his fortunes. Bob had gone to the P. B. man and told him all there was to tell of himself, and asked permission to marry Miss Peggy; but, as far as I know, P. B. in giving his consent had told Bob little or nothing of his fascinating niece. Of course, it was not for me to interfere, so I wished them both joy in all sincerity, and went about my business. They went to Bermuda for a couple of months, and returned to a neat little flat just opposite the old university. Now, Bob had very little of that root of all evil commonly called cash, and that very little had been heavily drawn against in the past year on account of Miss Peggy, who upon her part had nothing but her charming person; so, as Bob's friend, I was fearful of the days to come when Bob's mail would be quite heavy on the first of each month, and I seemed to see in my mind's eye so many other little troublesome eddies in the stream ahead that I did not enjoy my dinner; for I loved Bob, loved him for his genius, his impossible views of life, and for his very homeliness.

Well, they came back and settled down in the little flat, and matters went on, to all appearances, as such matters should. Bob was apparently a model husband, and all seemed rosy for a while. Of course, now that he was married, I did not see as much of him as formerly. True, I dined there once a week; but a man sees things on the surface—at least that is what I have frequently been told by the women—and so I took it for granted that affairs were at least reasonably comfortable with the Tapleys. It was Mrs. Waite who pointed out to me the true state of matters. "Do you not see," said she, "that Mr. Tapley has something on his mind? He seems so abstracted—so different from what he was some months ago—I fear he is not well. I spoke to Peggy about it; but—well—you know Peggy—dear little thing—she doesn't realize anything—but Mr. Tapley does look badly."

I saw then the change in Bob. He did not whistle as much as formerly when he was at work, but he worked steadily, although he did not always invite me in to see what he was at; indeed, upon one occasion he deliberately backed me out of his doorway and, closing it, talked to me in the hall, but I thought nothing of this at the time. Mrs. Bob entertained a good deal, and there was almost always a gathering of men at the house on Sunday evenings, and not exactly the sort of men that a young married woman should receive either. Then women began to talk, as women will; Mrs. Bob's name was coupled unpleasantly with that of an army man who was on leave of absence from his post in the West, and finally the matter was openly discussed; but if Bob knew of it he kept the knowledge to himself so far as I was concerned.

At the end of a year Bob, always so careful of his appearance, looked seedy, wore his cuffs longer than was advisable, and his collars were not always immaculate. Then the Shanghai buyers, once abhorred by him, were frequently met on the stairs—that bilious-hued, loudly dressed gentry who purchase "Art" by the dozen for the Western trade.

He carefully hid the Shanghai matter from me for some time, until one morning I surprised him painting a lake and castle scene with a large and lovely white moon in it, and he confessed his trouble. His picture, "Andromache," had been rejected by the Society. He had to have money. Well, yes, Mrs. Bob was extravagant; she could not understand that his income was not a steady one, that it depended upon the caprice of the public, and that it was necessary to watch the pennies closely now that two were to be supported where only one existed before, that Bob was not a money-maker and never could be one. Why, even now Mrs. Bob was complaining at the smallness and stuffiness of the flat for which he paid eleven hundred a year, or, rather, had agreed to pay it. In fine, if he spoke to her of expenses she thought he was scolding her and would cry and carry on.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 24)

THEN AND NOW

Oh, would I had lived in Arcadian days,
When maidens had not such extravagant ways,
When Daphne and Doris
And Chloe and Chloris
Would laugh with delight o'er a ribbon of blue
Or a glittering buckle to wear on a shoe.

But the girl of to-day cares nothing at all
For a trivial gift that is simple or small;
And Ethel and Bessie
And Gertrude and Jessie
Will only approve of the presents I've brought
If I spend (and I will!) ten times more than I
ought.

CAROLYN WELLS.

THE "UPS AND DOWNS" OF
STAGE LIFE

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS, the author of some rather lurid and ephemeral melodramas, recently published some very clever anecdotes of the stage, cumulatively, and not quite happily, one might say, entitled "Without the Lime-light." That Mr. Sims knows whereof he writes is startlingly demonstrated by an examination of theatre programmes of the present dramatic season both in America and abroad; for they present, in almost every prominent production, the names of both actors and actresses, once billed as "stars," opposite painfully insignificant characters.

Mr. Sims has seen much of that sadness which overtakes the careers of many actors.

There is no profession—not even that of literature—which is so veritable a Switzerland of "ups and downs." The "downs," alas, as he tellingly discloses, are but too predominant! One afternoon, several years ago, while he was waiting in the wings of Drury Lane Theatre during the performance of a great battle scene, he perceived (the curtain being down) a "corpse," who presently rose and greeted him.

The resurrected mortal proved to be a gentleman who had formerly managed two English theatres, whom bad luck had assailed and crushed, and who had now accepted "the only thing that Sir Augustus Harris could give him to do"—a one-line part, and a "dead body" on a battlefield. Again, in the same drama, Mr. Sims met another person whom he recognized as having once been a fine old-school tragedian, who had thriven, not many years since, as a manager with seven or eight successful companies touring the provinces. This fallen star had a three-line part, appended by the killing of two Afghans! "If I were to give you a list," Sir Augustus afterward said, "of the old London favorites who come to me

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when I've got a big production, it would open your eyes considerably." But pathos would seem to shed her last tear in the following doleful record. At a certain Drury Lane pantomime there was a procession of Shakespearean characters—Hamlet, Romeo, King Lear, Falstaff, Ophelia, Desdemona, Juliet. The artist who personated King Lear in this pantomimic procession had actually played the real King Lear, in that immortal tragedy, several years before. But not only this: he had played it on the boards of the same theatre which now witnessed his pitiful degradation and decline!

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Same on Both Hands.

W. E. Beckham, a corking heavyweight of Burton, Kan., is in the live stock business. He did not need to pay much attention to the food he ate, until about two years ago an attack of the grip left him partially paralyzed. His experience with food is well worth reading.

"The third and little finger on each hand became partially paralyzed, and my spine was affected just below the back of the neck. This came from a severe attack of the grip two years ago. I almost entirely lost the use of my hands.

"This condition continued several months, in spite of all kinds of baths and treatments. In the meantime my stomach, bowels, and digestive organs became affected and deranged. My liver seemed to have no more action than if I had no liver at all. No food of any kind tasted right, and I run down from 210 pounds to 160.

"One day the groceryman asked me if I had ever tried Grape-Nuts food. He told me that it was recommended as a brain and nerve food and that it was predigested.

"So I commenced the use of Grape-Nuts, and carried some in my pocket. Now and then when I felt hungry would take some of the food into my mouth and allow it to melt before swallowing. The food has a delicious taste and I began to improve right away. In three days' time I was very much better.

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"My recovery to good health is solely due to the use of Grape-Nuts food. As a brain and nerve food, there is nothing equal to it. You can use any part of this letter, and I hope it may lead some unfortunate invalid to health."

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All sorts of stores sell it, especially
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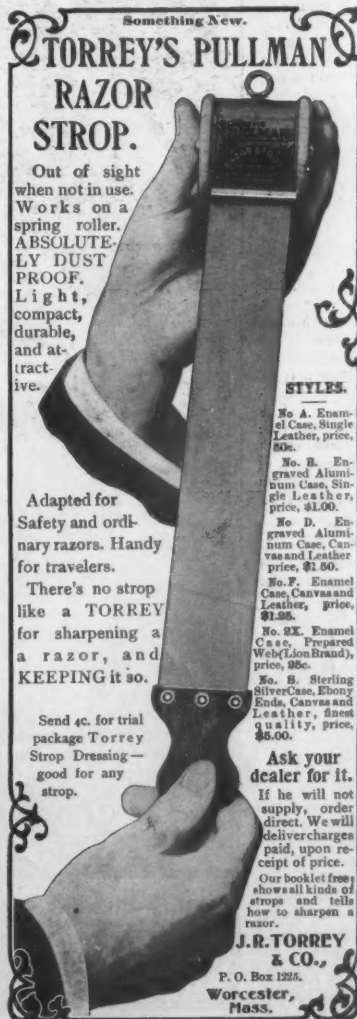


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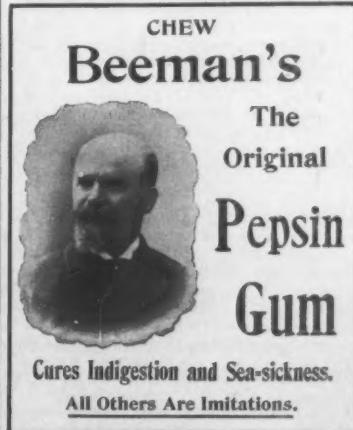
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FROM A WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT

—Edited by—
MARGARET E. SANGSTER



THANKSGIVING DAY

PURELY AMERICAN FESTIVAL, Thanksgiving annually emphasizes our marvellous rapidity of growth as a nation. Other nations are old and gray; we are of yesterday, and our strength is in the lusty vigor of youth and the sturdy poise of unworn health. It seems indeed a far cry to the first family feasts which were held over the first scanty harvests, and, as the country expands and a thousand new elements enter its body politic, there are those who do not appreciate the spirit which founded the day as one of national significance, yet its character bids fair to remain practically unchanged. While there may be a falling off in the beautiful and solemn custom which gathered the early settlers in their churches to render grateful thanks to the Creator and Preserver who had guarded them from the perils of the savage and the wilderness, the day will continue a most welcome gala day for the working people, and a home rallying time for scattered families. From far and near, to New England especially, the widely severed clans return; gray-haired men and comely matrons find Thanksgiving a fit occasion to journey back to the old mother who counts the hours till she sees her boys and girls again. Every steamer, every train, every stage-coach lumbering slowly up a steep and stony mountain road, will carry its passengers who are going for a visit to the homestead. The sentiment is so sweet, and the reunions are so happy,

that we can but hope that Thanksgiving will remain a beacon light of blessing and a distinctively tender and hallowed festival as long as Americans live in America.

That the dinner is the central note of the day is undeniable. Good cooking is the crowning glory of civilization. The primitive peoples ate their food raw, or prepared it roughly over their fires, without our refinements and our daintiness. But we have advanced beyond the crudities of primitive man, and our meals testify to our social condition. Though the turkey is the principal piece de resistance at the Thanksgiving board, the menu includes other meats, and the entrées may be multiplied, while the dessert may properly range from mince-pie and plum-pudding, brought in splendid and flaming, to ices galore, bon-bons, nuts and raisins, and whatever else may be thought of in the line of sweets, until the after-dinner coffee is reached. It is imperative that the children be present at the Thanksgiving dinner, which therefore should be early in the afternoon, and, unless the family be destitute of little folk, must never be later than five o'clock.

Women are so accustomed to after-dinner speaking, their club functions affording them so many delightful opportunities for the exercise of this graceful gift, that they may, if they choose, introduce an agreeable variety by having toasts when dinner is over, and telling in a pleasant and facetious way the story of the year. In a large family, where the different branches are resident at too great a distance for frequent meeting, this part of the feast may be charmingly spontaneous. We are much too apt to be silent at our meals, and to hurry them, as if they were interruptions on the road. Surely at a holiday dinner there should be speeches, jests, quips, and fun without stint.

An interesting feature of Thanksgiving is that which draws into the scope of its great friendliness the outcast, the poor, and the stranger. Society women are finding it their privilege to make the little children of the tenements, the newsboys, and others who are young and hard-working, happy on Thanksgiving Day. A generous dinner is provided and the guests are bidden in large numbers, the selection being made among those who are most in need. Young ladies whose habit it is to be waited upon assume the duties of the waitress, and gracious matrons preside with genial dignity and motherly sweetness over the merry-making of the waifs and strays. Various institutions also furnish bountiful dinners to their



MRS. REBECCA LOWE, PRESIDENT OF THE GENERAL STATE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

MRS. E. L. SCOFIELD, CONNECTICUT STATE PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL SUNSHINE SOCIETY



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inmates and friends at Thanksgiving, and the public are enabled to share in this charity by the simple method of sending in money or provisions.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS

SO MANY things to thank Thee for
Our praises climb to more and more,
And rise from all our vales and coasts
To bless Thee Sovereign, Lord of Hosts.

For fields that gave their golden wealth,
For peace and rest and joy and health,
For little children's pattering feet,
For woman's love, for voices sweet;

For homes that lift their sheltered roofs,
For freedom's rights, and manhood's proofs;
For all good things to us that be
Our praises rise, great God, to Thee.

WOMEN'S CLUBS FROM MAINE TO CALIFORNIA

THE KEYNOTE of the Woman's Club movement in the United States is an earnest seeking after culture, just as the keynote of the corresponding movement in Great Britain is an earnest fight for reform in one field or another. It follows that our woman's club movement reaches wherever there are enterprising women who want to broaden their range of thought and sentiment. In the cities American women get closer to the British idea. But in towns and villages, scattered from Maine to California, the real strength of the club movement and its real Americanism are best expressed in the motto of the San Joaquin Valley Federation of California: "First, Information; then, Reformation."

Massachusetts is, of course, the head centre of the movement. She has so many clubs and so large a membership that in Federation politics she is very likely to hold the balance of power; and women who want official recognition have to bow the knee before the Sacred Codfish. The trend of the movement all through New England is toward culture, though something is occasionally done in the way of reform. It is sometimes said that the spirit of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has given way to the spirit of Mrs. May Alden Ward, and that since slavery died Massachusetts women have refused to be agitated over anything less esoteric than Browning or Ibsen. Miss Helen M. Winslow is credited by the Bay State people with having done much to secure and maintain the dominance of New England. Her periodical and her occasionally published club directories have aided the movement as well as the merchants who have advertising matter to send out in the Eastern States. The tendency toward department club organization—sections taking up different studies—is growing in New England. Maine has one hundred clubs.

Connecticut has been "backward about coming forward," but she is coming all right. The State Federation supports a free kindergarten; the woman's club members have energetically and rather successfully struggled to supply the public schools with pictures appropriate and inspiring, much attention is given to the arts and to science, and there is now a membership of not less than three thousand five hundred. Mrs. E. L. Scofield of Stamford is the president of the Sunshine Society, the largest single organization that is affiliated with the Connecticut Federation.

The New Jersey women have divided their energies among four subjects of interest—town and village improvement, free kindergartens and libraries, the preservation of the Palisades, and State history. Every club in the State has a "committee on the Palisades," and it is now believed that the agitation has been successful in preventing the total destruction of the magnificent bluffs along the Hudson by quarrymen. The Jersey City Women's Club publishes a paper, the "Club Outlook." The Current Topic Club of Newark adheres closely to the line of activity suggested by its name. In some parts of the State travelling libraries have been inaugurated with advantage to the public. The beautiful condition of many Jersey villages is a testimonial to what the women have done; and the Federation members divide with the wheelmen the honor of having brought about the best system of highways in the United States.

In the Northwest, Michigan women have had the same advantage from the Forestry question that New Jersey women have enjoyed in the general desire to save the Palisades. As everybody knows, the forests of Michigan are rapidly disappearing, and the work of the lumbermen has been closely akin to vandalism. The immense demand for woodpulp, out of which to make news paper, has both directly and indirectly increased the danger of the Michigan forests, directly because many paper mills are located in the State, indirectly because the eating up of the trees elsewhere for paper-making has increased the demand for Michigan lumber for building purposes. Here, as in Connecticut, the Sunshine Society is the largest federated club. Mrs. Belle M. Perry of Traverse City is the president of this organization, which, like the Connecticut one, is a State branch of the International Sunshine Society.

The Georgia clubs, under the leadership of Mrs. W. B. Lowe and Mrs. J. Lindsay Johnson, have developed an ideal

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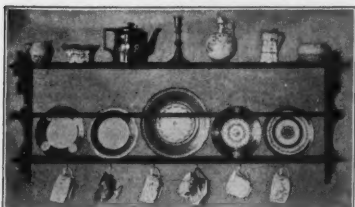
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California women claim and deserve a great deal of credit for prompt legislation by Congress to protect the redwood trees of Calaveras County, in which the State was deeply interested. The sequoia trees are almost extinct but for these specimens. The lumber from these trees would be of immense value, and is regarded as fair spoil for concessionaires. Each year a Congress of Women is held in San Francisco, which is thought to be of particular importance on account of the great area of the State and the consequent scattering of the clubs. The Ruskin Art Club of Pasadena is one of the most flourishing in California, and has a club house of its own.

Colorado is doing well, and I suppose there is no more effective department organization in the United States than the Denver Woman's Club. Its various sections are devoted to Home, Reform, Philanthropy, Science, Philosophy, Art, Literature, and Education. This is a consolidation of a number of smaller clubs, and in this it furnishes an example worthy at least of consideration in other cities. It has superintended a system of what is known as Pingree gardening—taking its name from the former Mayor of Detroit—the working of vacant lots by poor people for their own relief; and controls a mending school, a penny provident fund, and a travelling picture gallery for the public schools. Altogether there are sixty-five well organized clubs in Colorado, many of them in comparatively small towns.

The movement has recently begun to be felt in Texas, clubs having been organized in Austin, Fort Worth and Houston. There were several in Galveston before the city was nearly wiped out by a tidal wave. The clubs in this State have found enough to do in assisting the relief of Galveston, but now that the strain of that work is over they are centering their activities on persuading Congress to build a break-water around Galveston Island, so that all fear of a recurrence of the disaster may be averted.

In the mountains of Tennessee, in the little villages of Arkansas, in a dozen of the larger towns of Florida, in the Puget Sound section, where Tacoma and Seattle and Spokane are aspiring to be metropolises, women's clubs are features of public development. Oregon also is active, and there are twenty-two clubs in Portland, one of which, the Workingwoman's Club, is the largest in the State. No part of the country has been exempt from the woman's club movement, and the facts here given will explain why it is that a biennial session of the General Federation is an event of world significance, deserving all the attention that it gets from the newspapers and the general public.

CYNTHIA WESTOVER ALDEN.

A SPLENDID AND ROMANTIC FIGURE

FOUNDER of the American Navy is the proud distinction of Paul Jones, a distinction which means much in these days, when our navy is growing and winning laurels in distant seas and offering greater inducements than formerly to ambitious youth, eager for deeds of gallantry. The slender, swarthy, black-eyed commodore who made American seamanship respected in Revolutionary days has been the subject of numerous memoirs and has been a favorite hero in novels of adventure, but his story has all the dash and the vivid interest of a fresh romance in the picturesque biography of Mr. Augustus C. Buell. Paul Jones was the son of a Scotch gardener, his father of Lowland, his mother of Highland extraction. He had scant schooling, and learned little in his early boyhood beyond reading, writing and ciphering, yet he spoke and wrote French with fluency, and was master of a consummate style in English letter writing. As for fighting, Mr. Buell tersely tells us that he was all kinds of a fighter and never knew when he was beaten. He was a "Sailor at twelve, mate at seventeen, captain at twenty in the merchant service of the North Atlantic; slave trader, East Indian and Virginia planter, all before he had passed the age of twenty-six; naval lieutenant at twenty-eight, captain at twenty-nine, and commodore at thirty-two; at thirty-three the ocean hero of the old world and the new; a knight of France, the most famous sea victor of his time, patronized by kings, petted by duchesses of the blood royal, thanked by Congress, and, more than all else, the trusted friend and valued associate of Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Lafayette, Hamilton and Morris; at thirty-six, selected as special envoy to the most aristocratic of courts, charged with the most delicate, difficult and intricate of missions—the adjudication and collection of international claims, without any guide of precedent or any commonly recognized code of procedure; at forty, voted a gold medal by Congress; at forty-one, a vice-admiral in the navy of an empire; at forty-three, a prominent figure in the overture of that tremendous drama, the French Revolution, and dead at forty-five."

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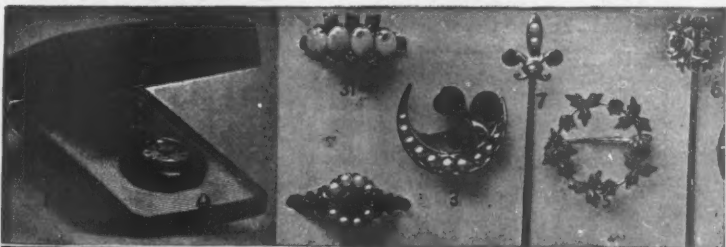
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THE DOLLAR MARK

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 20)

Now, perhaps Bob should not have told me all this, but it showed me that the eddies in the stream had been reached, and that there was shoal water ahead. Of course, I was sorry for Mrs. Bob; but I was far sorer for Bob himself, who would do anything rather than see a woman cry. I knew just how he would act when he saw that she did not understand his desire for a plain talk upon expenses. She thought all he had to do was to paint one of his marvellous pictures and straightway sell it for a large sum; but unfortunately pictures are not sold that way, are they?

So Bob was in debt—how much he did not know. Mrs. Bob had bills all over town. Indeed, whenever she saw anything pretty she bought it and laid it aside. Once bought, its attractions to her were lost. When he remonstrated with her, which I am sure he did with gentleness, she cried and said that other women did the same and their husbands did not find fault; that other men wanted their wives to look well, and did not deny them the right to buy little things; then she would have a headache, the room would be darkened, and Bob would go out, walk a mile or two, feel like a brute, bite his nails and say bad words to himself. Then there would be a reconciliation, marked by some expensive trifle, and she would smile and consent to his pardon, and call him a good boy and "Honey" again in her pretty, soft Southern dialect, and matters would go on again just the same, until Bob would be threatened with a suit by some tradesman of whom he had hitherto no knowledge, and then they would have it all over again.

None of the tradespeople had ever been paid from the first, since they began housekeeping. So Bob became morose and careless of his appearance, and worked hard day after day for the Shanghai buyers, for he had a horror of debt and perhaps a foolishly high sense of right. Together we went over such of the bills as he had been able to find hidden away behind the secretary in his wife's room. The total made me gasp, and I sat drumming upon the table among the bills, trying to think of some way out of the mess. Bob was walking up and down the studio, and the strong north light from the skylight showed me how thin and haggard he had become in the last few months. Finally he picked up a piece of charcoal and began idly to sketch the dollar mark upon a bare canvas resting upon the easel. There was silence in the studio, for I could think of nothing to say that would help matters, when I walked Mrs. Bob.

Now, it was a most unusual thing for Mrs. Bob to come to the studio; she did not like the dust, the smell, the old faded hangings, and the disorder, she said; and then again Bob was not at all nice to her, he was full of thought and would answer her as if he were miles away and did not see her.

"Mercy!" she cried gayly. "Here are you two old sticks looking as if you were at a funeral! Whatever is the matter?" And then, without waiting for a reply (she seldom did wait for anything, indeed), she rattled on—"Oh! I've had such a lovely time; I've been with the Evanses on the drag to the ball match at the Oval. Such a time! Did you know Yale won, five to nothing?—a regular walkover; and I am so sorry, for I bet with Betty Evans, and I don't know how many men"—here Bob scowled—"on Harvard just for a lark, of course—I don't know how much; and, Bob, Honey, I lost my pocketbook this morning somehow, with all the money you gave me for the month—now, don't scold me, Honey, will you? I am so sorry. Indeed I am! And—and—oh, Bob, I saw such a lovely ring at Tiffany's just now, just like Betty's, only handsomer—and they said I could have it for less than she said here cost, but I can't now, can I, Honey?—You're not mad at me, are you? Why don't you ask me to sit down, I'm so tired; and why don't you say something to me? You know I told Sally she could have the day off, so there's no one at home to get dinner, and we can go up to the St. Denis and have a lovely time, we three, and then go and see those living pictures, can't we?"

I uttered some commonplace excuse and came away. In truth, I was glad to get away. There was something like a storm brewing. That there would be a scene of some sort I did not doubt for an instant, so I left poor Bob to his bad quarter of an hour with his butterfly Peggy, a creature without—but never mind—let us not be ungallant. She was a charming woman, so all the men said; the women said other things, not pretty things either; but then you know women are so uncharitable. And Peggy was very pretty. I was so full of Bob's trouble, that I walked the whole length of Broadway, down to the Battery, without thinking of my dinner at all; a very foolish thing to do at my time of life. Realizing this, I got into a cable car, when whom should I see but the Prussian Blue man? Now, I despised P. B. for his topiiformity and his collection of dirt in the homeopathic bottles. I had only seen him once since the wedding, when I paid my dinner call, but now I felt that I must talk to him of Bob and his troubles.

P. B. looked at me curiously when I began, then snorted once or twice, and said pompously that no man should marry without the means to support a wife, which was true; but nevertheless I hated him all the more for the saying of it; and he went on to say puffingly that Peggy was nothing but a child—a light-hearted child, who had always been, etc., etc., while I mentally debated as to whether I should put my cane upon his pet foot or step upon it. Luckily at that moment he stopped the car, and with a cool nod to me got off carefully. And I knew and cared not that I was down for a fat black mark upon his book.

It was long after nine when I put my key in the door of my rooms in the University Building. The halls seemed gloomier than usual, and there were queer noises about. My rooms were in the upper part of what had originally been the chapel; Bob's studio adjoined mine. The ceiling was high, groined, and the spaces between the spandrels were painted a dark blue, upon which were stencilled stars of gold. I did not at once light my lamp, but sat at the window looking out over the quiet square below. Against the sky to the right the clock in the slender tower of Jefferson Market made a mellow disk of light like the rising moon, and from some one of the foreign men-of-war in the river beyond a rocket made a graceful curve, and left a golden haze for an instant. The strange noises I had heard when I put my key in the lock continued. I seemed to hear a cry and a sort of thumping noise at intervals, and at last I stepped into the hall to investigate. Bob's studio adjoined mine, as I have said. Under his door shone a bright light. I was about to knock, when there came a heavy thump against the panels and a sort of moaning noise, then a chuckle, and the sound of a man's voice. I hesitated no longer—I knocked loudly and called out, "Bob! I say, Bob, what's going on?" There was no response. I tried the handle; it was fast. I called again, and then, remembering that there was a sort of ledge that ran along beneath our windows in front, I ran into my room, pulled a chair to my window and climbed out on to the ledge. In a moment I was at his window, and below me was a curious sight. All the studio traps had been moved back against the walls; in the centre of the floor was a ring of lighted candles, and in the ring was the dancing figure of a man, his face hideously painted with peculiar curves, brandishing a long spear. The upward glancing light from the flickering candles lent a most unearthly appearance to the whole scene. The man's head was covered with a thick mass of black hair, the blackest I have ever seen. Now what sort of devilry this was that was going on in that Bob's respectable studio I could not understand, but in a state of fear that was incomprehensible even at the moment, I regained my own studio and rushed wildly down the stairs for help. I got Montgomery and a short, thick policeman, whom we surprised peacefully taking a nap in the vestibule, and together we presented ourselves at Bob's door, even as a piercing scream came from behind it—a woman's scream, shrill and agonizing in its quality. The fat policeman swaggered up to the door, punched it with his night-stick, and said, "H'ar now, whatche up to, sa'y—d'y'e h'ar, open d' door, d'y'e h'ar—see?" We listened, and could hear the soft patter of naked feet and panting breath behind the panels, then the woman's scream again, and the word "Help!" The little policeman turned and said convincingly: "We godder bust it in, see? Dere's some kinder hellishness goin' on in dere." Now the doors of the studios in the old University are not very solidly made, especially those upon the top floor, and our combined strength easily pushed this one in. There, as it crashed back against the wall, was the grotesque figure with the coal-black hair in the centre of the ring of candles, and before him was Mrs. Bob, kneeling. The fat policeman grappled with the man, and I got Mrs. Bob on her feet, and she then promptly fainted. The man fought furiously, and finally it was a tap from the night-stick that subdued him. Of course, you have guessed that it was Bob. Poor Bob! Stark, staring mad, and painted with the dollar mark from forehead to chin; painted with Prussian Blue, too, and his red hair matted with the same cheerful color. On the floor were all his unsold canvases, and in the centre of each was a huge S with a cross bar of blue.

Well—you see 'tis not a pretty story. I could have invented a better ending, but then it would not have been true. Bob is in Bloomingdale.

The doctors say that he will live for years yet. Mrs. Bob? Oh, she is back in Baltimore, years the stunnerest costumes and is very much interested in charities. . . . She—oh, she is such a charming little woman, you know, her friends say, hardly more than a child. Threw herself away upon a poor devil of an artist, a dreadful Bohemian sort of a person, they say—quite impossible. Went crazy, I believe, but (imagine a shrug here) you know artists.

THE END

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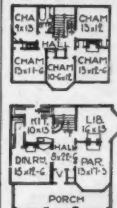


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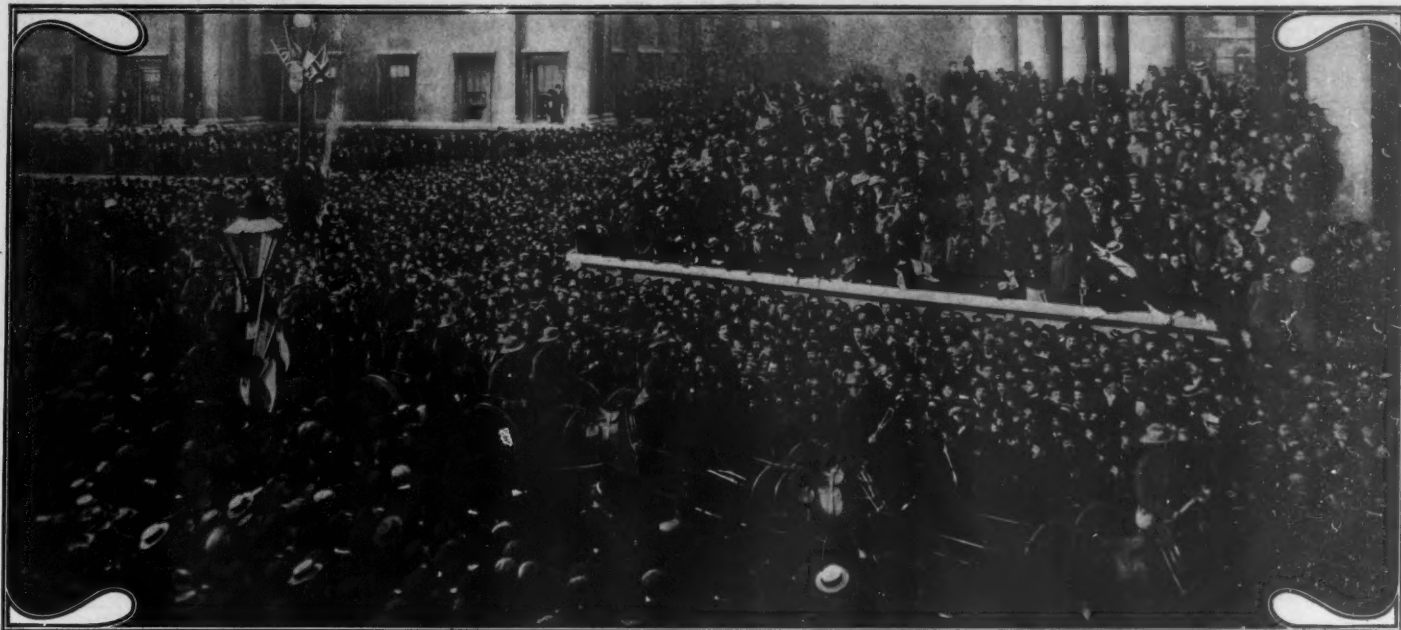
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THE CITY OF LONDON IMPERIAL VOLUNTEERS PASSING THROUGH TRAFALGAR SQUARE ON THEIR RETURN FROM SOUTH AFRICA



TO-DAY (October 29) has set all London wild. The *Awania* yesterday brought back the Civil Imperial Volunteers, and their parade through the metropolis has proved a historic event. The decorations all along their line of march have been profuse and immensely spectacular. Since the Queen's Jubilee nothing has occurred so completely ubiquitous in its appeal. The poor khaki-clad fellows looked spare and weather-beaten as they paraded from Paddington Station to the Lord Mayor's Mansion House, where they were generously banqueted. Yet they also looked melancholy, and as if the strenuous publicity to which they were subjected not only irked but harassed. The crowds during daytime have been immense. It is universally recognized that these men are Volunteers, who offered their lives in what thousands believe to have been the noblest of causes. They return fagged-out, forlorn, with some of their sick and wounded following them in ambulances—a sight scarcely suggesting good taste, it must be owned. But the people have split their throats with cheering the sick and wounded no less than the comparatively well. As I now write, and while dusk is settling over the mighty town, Fleet Street and the Strand, not to speak of other quarters, are still intoxicated with enthusiasm. But, alas, they are not intoxicated with this alone, and worse scenes than those of Saturday night, when their expected idols did not arrive, will probably be enacted. Then the drunkenness of women—so rarely seen in Paris on like occasions, and almost never in New York—became hideously manifest. The "Hooligan" element, too,

acquitted itself, at times, with a criminal ferocity. I suppose the London "Hooligan" would correspond to our worst East Side or river-side "tough." This unpleasant species is abroad to-night, under a murky and drizzling sky. It takes, however, a so-called "patriotic" form. There is comfort in this when you recollect that it is the stuff which reckless and rabid socialism is not infrequently made of.

THE "YELLOW DANGER"

Sir Robert Hart has affirmed rather ominous and rather blood-curdling things, of late, about the "Yellow Danger." His recent article in one of the most important English reviews may be said to have rather preyed upon many of his compatriots' nervous systems. Of course, not a few of Sir Robert's affirmations might be taken with many grains of salt if it were not so well known here that he is perhaps almost the only foreigner whom the Chinese actually honor. He occupies the unique position of one whom they regard by no means as a "foreign devil," but possibly in the light of a "foreign angel," were any such estimate a conceivable product. For over forty years Sir Robert has been identified with Chinese affairs under the British government. He did not receive his baronetcy till 1893, though numerous other dignities had been conferred upon him. He knows his China as almost no other Briton does, and hence words from a source at once so trustworthy and so eminent are weighted with signal import. These words may briefly be described as the quintessence of disheartenment. They dispense not a glimmer of hope, even in the event of peace being established

between the allies and the Manchu Double-Royalty now departed from Peking. They point to a future for all the nations of Europe which teems with intensest hostile turmoil. They show the ethical, civilized condition of our planet, taken at large, to be far below that which was even dreamed of a few yesterdays ago. They hurl us, so to speak, upon a single refuge of hope—that which would seek to deduce from them incorrectness in the way of prophecy.

A "CHINESED" ENGLISHMAN

And yet such refuge has frail enough presentment, since these are words delivered by an oracle whom it would verge upon folly to name false. Sir Robert Hart is sixty-five years old. In 1854 he was student interpreter of the British consular service in China. 1858 found him Secretary to the Allied Commission for the government of Canton. In 1859 he was a deputy commissioner of Chinese customs, and later an inspector-general of them. More than this, he was appointed Ambassador to China in 1885, but for some reason did not assume the office. And so on, so on, till one is half tempted to exclaim, "This man has actually become Chinese!" And hence, when he tells us that twenty millions or more (!) of Boxers, armed, drilled, disciplined and animated by motives patriotic if erroneous, will take back from foreigners everything that foreigners have taken from China—will pay off old grudges with interest, and will carry the Chinese arms and flag into places which even fancy will not suggest to-day, thus preparing for the future upheavals and disasters never even dreamed of—that, moreover, in fifty years' time there will be millions of Boxers in serried ranks and war's panoply at the call of the Chinese Government—when Sir Robert Hart, a literally unparalleled authority on such subjects, tells us all this, we feel not so much as if the German Emperor's admired barbarian, Attila, were destined to lay Western civilization waste, as that some widely trusted astronomer had predicted for a solemn certainty the advent of some celestial body with "no quarter" ablaze from its ever-greatening orb!

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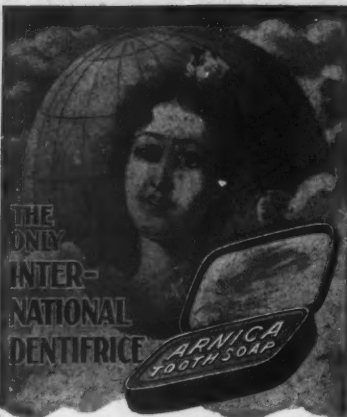
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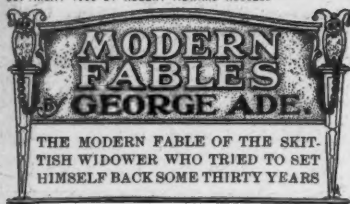
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MODERN FABLES GEORGE ADE

THE MODERN FABLE OF THE SKIT-
TISH WIDOWER WHO TRIED TO SET
HIMSELF BACK SOME THIRTY YEARS

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a Self-
Made Citizen who manufactured a
Patent Churn. He had been married
for thirty-four Years and had three Children
who were Grown Up and Married. He had
Grubbed along all his Life. In his Youth he
never had gone High Rolling because he had
been learning a Trade. His Compensation
consisted of Board and Clothes and a Yarn
Comforter every Christmas. After he got
Married it was a Case of planting all the Small
Change so as to be there with the Rent Money
on the First.

In Time the Churn Maker got the Grape Vine
Twist on Adversity and Won Out. He had all
kinds of Collateral and they began to be Pleas-
ant to him at the Bank. He could have writ-
ten his Check for Six Figures, but he never did.
He continued to live in the same Modest
Style and his Habits seemed to be Fixed. He
never ordered any Hot House Grapes for fear
they would spoil his Appetite for Prunes. He
used a Bone Collar Button and a Ready Made
Bow Tie that fastened on with an Elastic.

One Day was the same as another to him.
He would arise at half-past six and go out to
feed the Horse and look at the Thermometer.
Then he would have his Fried Steak and two
Cups of Mother's Coffee, and start for the
Factory to go through the Mail and try to put
a Compress on the Pay Roll. The Women
along that Street could set their Clocks by
him, for he always came home to Dinner just
at ten minutes past twelve. After he had dis-
posed of the Roast Beef and Trimmings and
had his Wedge of Pie, he would feed the
Horse again and try to estimate how much
longer the Coal was going to last. Then back
to the Place where the Churns were made.
At half-past five he would return for Supper.
When they had Company they called it Tea.
In the Evening, if there was no Grand Army
Campfire or Prayer Meeting he would hold
down a Rocking Chair in the Sitting Room.
He seldom wore a Coat around the House.
He had a Pair of Velvet Slippers, worked for him
by his Daughter-in-Law, and when he put
them on in the Evening he groaned with
Satisfaction. He would sit and read Churn
Literature until half-past nine, and then he
would turn out the Cat, wind the Clock, fix
the Damper on the Furnace and connect with
the Feathers. At half-past six next Morning
he was up to repeat the Routine.

After thirty-four Years of this he found
himself a Widower. For a Time he moped
and dropped around by himself, and the
Blackest Clothes he could get were not half
Black enough. Although he still lived at the
House, he took his Meals out at a Boarding
House conducted by a Lady who had driven
her own Carriage at one time, and said so at
every Meal.

He missed the Coffee, and the Pie did not
taste right. It was still and lonesome in the
Sitting Room, and he felt lost under the
altered Conditions. One Evening it was so
Creepy around the House when he tried to
read that he went out for a Walk. As he
strolled it occurred to him that it had been
Many Moons since he had taken the Night
Air with any Regularity. It seemed rather
strange to realize that if he wanted to he
could stay out as late as the Owl Cars and
come Home with the People who Work while
you Sleep. For the first Time since his Be-
reavement he felt the Gloom lifting. He had
to acknowledge that the sense of Liberty gave
him a new kind of a Thrill. His Better Judg-
ment told him that inasmuch as he was his
own Boss, and had Nobody to keep Cases on
him, he might as well Perk up and not overdo
the Pining Away. So he kept on Walking
until he came to the Temperance Billiard Hall,
where he rang in on some Students from the
Shorthand College and learned to play Bottle
Pool. Once in a while he would give a Quick
Start and have an Impulse to get a Move on
himself, for the Knowledge that he was as
Free as the Air had not thoroughly soaked in
on him as yet.

In a few Evenings he overcame this Jumpy
Feeling and stopped looking at Clocks. He
learned to make Follow Shots and play for
Position and leave a hard Set-Up for the next
Player. When he had Chalk all over his
Clothes and was banging out Three Cushion
Shots to keep from being Stuck, he began to
feel like One of the Boys.

He was in the Clover Pasture for the first
Time, and he could not refrain from Rolling
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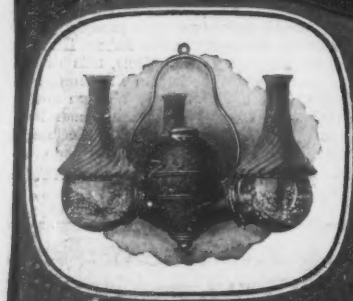
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His Children and the other Relatives worried a little, but they did not Discuss the Matter of having a Guardian appointed until the old Gentleman became all snarled up with a portly Amazon named Blanche. Blanche had been very Careless with her Husbands, and she could not tell, without looking over her Books, where she had left all of them. Her name was a Household Word around the Divorce Courts, and she moved every Month because she could not find a Neighborhood that was Refined enough to suit her.

When she tightened the Lasso on the Churn Manufacturer and prepared to give him the Strong Arm, one of his Relatives sent out a General Alarm. His Daughter and his two Sons, who were naming Children after him and wondering how the Estate was to be divided, got the Family Lawyer, and the whole Bunch tried to Split Out the rejuvenated War Horse and the buxom Divorcee. They told him that she was an Adventuress with a Record that covered five or six States, and that all she wanted was his Roll. He said they must be Mistaken, because Blanche had Explained everything and told him in so many Words that he was the first Man she ever Loved right down to the Ground, and he would be just the same to her if he didn't have a Sou Mahee.

Blanche knew that they were trying to sidetrack the Wedding, so when he came to see her again she sat on his Lap and told him he was free to Abandon her if he thought she was a Mercenary Girl, but the Minute she walked out of that Door, then nothing short of Prussic Acid would do for her, for it was the First Time in her life she had known the Happiness of coming into the Life of a Good and Distinguished Man, and if he cast her aside and treated her as a Plaything—well, there would be a piece in the Paper, that was all.

The Churn Maker might have known that nobody but Sandow would cast aside a Plaything weighing 180, but she had him believing anything when she stroked the Dye. It was a Fierce Line of Talk, but it went with him, for he had been sitting Indoors for thirty-four Years, and what he did not know about the Blanche Type would have filled many a Page. She had him Winging. While he was under the Influence of Knock Out Drops or something else equally Potent, she spirited him away in a Hack and had him Married and signing Checks before the Detectives could Locate them.

As soon as she had him Roped and Thrown she had to hurry away to visit an Invalid Cousin in Washington. The Sight Drafts began to cut Scalps into his Bank Account, and the Churn Manufacturer found himself Guessing, although he received a Collect Telegram every Hour of the Day, full of Baby Talk, telling him how she longed to see him again and to meet all Drafts and not believe anything he heard.

Then his Son got hold of him and began to beat it into him that he had been Played.

By the time the Lawyer got a Decree and fixed Blanche with the Hush Money and all the fees had been settled, the Wallet of the Churn Manufacturer looked as if it had been put through a Wringer. He let his Whiskers grow out Gray again, and whenever he went out Walking they sent one of the Grand-Children along to take care of him.

Moral: The older the easier.

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MR. SMITH (who has just called for a lamp): "Why, Mary, this chimney broke the instant you put the lamp down."

Mary: "Yes, Mr. Smith, don't you know chimneys always break the first time they are used?"

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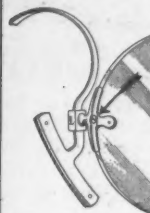
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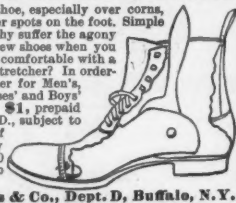
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FOR SWEET CHARITY'S SAKE

WIFE: "Oh, Jack, they've asked me to take part in the church concert that is to be given for charity."

Husband: "How many tickets did they make you buy on that account?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A BURGLAR IN A TRUNK

A CURIOUS attempt at burglary recently occurred in a fashionable London home. One afternoon a large trunk arrived, addressed to the master of the house, who was out of town, and also bearing a label on which was written a request that the article should be placed within the bedroom of this same gentleman. Nothing suspicious happened until after midnight, when the butler was awakened by strange and desperate cries. Like those of some one imploring help. He at length discovered that these cries proceeded from his employer's bedroom. Entering this, it quickly became apparent to him that they issued from the large trunk itself. He opened the trunk and found there a man, on the verge of suffocation. In a trice he realized the whole sinister truth, and quitted his master's chamber, ostensibly to procure brandy, but really to summon a policeman. When he returned the man had vanished, having slipped out of the window, and by means of a balcony gained the street. He had undoubtedly arranged to quit the trunk while the household was fast asleep, and depart with whatever spoil he could secure. But a patent lock had cut short his attempt at burglary.

THE PERILS THAT BESET QUEENS

IT HAS lately been estimated that during Queen Victoria's lifetime no less than five attempts have been made to assassinate her. When she was hardly six months old a shot was fired through the window of her nursery at Kensington Palace, and only missed her head by a few inches. When thirteen years old she nearly perished with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in a shipwreck. During the fiercest tempest then raging she quitted a certain spot on the deck of the steamer, and over a very spot, immediately afterward, fell a large, half-shattered mast. . . . Victoria has been lucky, but she has also been compelled to face some terribly stern griefs. These, however, she would doubtless have endured better if the tenor of her life had not encouraged sensitiveness by its constant luxury of surrounding. For example, when she goes abroad she takes with her many mementos of home. She always sleeps on the same bed; and with her go her favorite dogs and birds, besides not a few of her best-loved pictures. Hers is indeed a case of "*Celum non animam mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" It is stated that the eight horses which went with her to the Riviera had been tried again and again as to their perfect tractability. All kinds of noises had been dinned in their ears, from the strains of a band to those of a bagpipe, and not until their absolute safety became certain was the choice of them once and for all decided.

BROTHERS IN MISERY

WIFE: "Strange how many great men have been married to shrews. Now there's Socrates, Dürer, Luther and—"

Husband (with a sigh): "What a genius I must be then!"—*Jugend.*

TADAMA AND THE APPLES

ALMA TADAMA, the famous artist, one day received a visit from his Belgian confrère, Ferdinand Knopff. They discussed a certain picture by Van Eyck, which Knopff professed greatly to admire. Alma Tadema also knew the picture well, and was very fond of it. "But I think," said Tadema, "that I can enlighten you as to this canvas in a way which will cause you much surprise." Knopff seemed sceptical, and Tadema then continued: "On the window sill, in Van Eyck's work, lies an apple, and there are two oranges on the table. The apple can be seen in the mirror, but the oranges, which ought to be visible, Van Eyck has forgotten, some one having probably eaten them during an interruption in the task." Knopff told this story soon afterward to Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The latter laughingly replied that there was nobody shrewd enough to make such discoveries except one person, and that his name was Alma Tadema.

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AIRSHIPS AND AERONAUTS

THEY REDUCE—or shall I say elevate—everything to an art over here, including science, including aerostatics. In artistic ballooning, as I recently mentioned, M. Santos Dumont, a young Brazilian domiciled in France, has the suffrages of the prophets. They say he will beat his rival aeronauts. They are confident that he can handicap them. They don't at all mind the fact that Count Zeppelin maintained his airship against the winds of heaven for an hour and twenty-one minutes. But why this implicit belief in the Brazilian balloonist? *Très simple*—M. Dumont's airship is much lighter than Count Zeppelin's. In the first place, he has done away with the rope netting that usually surrounds the soaring silk. What ropes are necessary to attach the car to the cigar-shaped thing full of gas are fastened to little sticks of wood sewn into the thick sackcloth which covers the belly of the balloon. To the other ends of the cordage is affixed a horizontal iron rod, which holds the car. By these means the total weight of the balloon—not counting the machinery—is kept down to about a hundred pounds avoirdupois. The operator sits facing the propeller, a screw that resembles two triangles with their tops cut off—or, may it please messieurs the geometricians, with the apex curtailed so as to change the figure into a trapezium. This aluminum screw whizzes round twelve hundred times a minute, which is fully as fast as a good Christian says a *pater noster*. The motive power is petroleum. The steering apparatus is under the airshipper's seat, where the oil tank is also suspended. Altogether M. Santos Dumont's invention weighs not more than two hundred and fifty pounds.

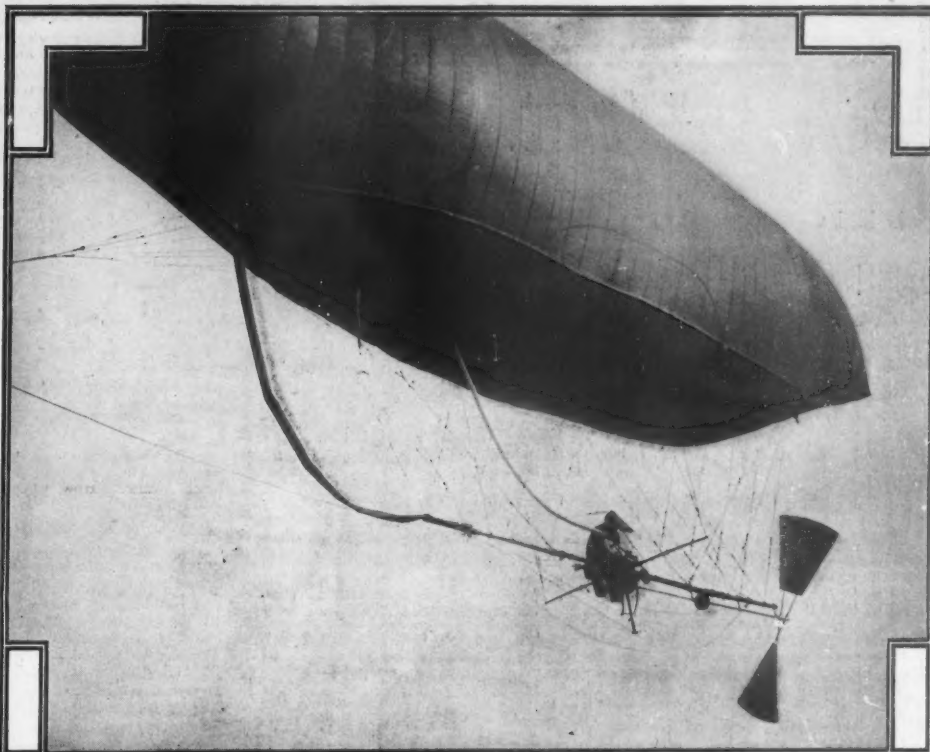
ADULTERATION OF WINE

Paris has been cruelly touched in a very tender spot this week by some extraordinary revelations as to the chemical origin of a great deal that passes for wine in this wine-drinking city. A certain genius, it appears, has been putting out every day from his stores at Bercy, the wine-receiving end of Paris, some two hundred to two hundred and fifty barrels of wine of blood-chilling composition. Analysis showed in each barrel a certain percentage of spoiled and soured natural wine, a very small quantity of good wine, forty per cent of added water and a genial mixture of potassium, lime, baryte, tannin, essence of violet, tartaric acid, citric acid, phosphoric acid and sulphuric acid, to give "body" and flavor to the whole. This is the stuff that poorer Paris has gayly quaffed in floods in the name of the divine, heart-rejoicing juice; and in this people have been for years drinking each other's health. When these things be so, who would not sign the pledge? The prosperous gentleman of Bercy will probably appear in an unenviable rôle before the courts; though, by the way, he asserts candidly that he has a protection, a pull, which will enable him to mock at justice. But surely, in a sense, he is not after all very guilty. Adulteration, like ballooning, has risen to the dignity of a fine art in Paris—and of necessity. The Octroi, laying a grasping finger on every article of food that passes the fortifications, Expositions increasing prices all round on roof and table and pleasure—many maleficent circumstances, in fact, have of late years made the cost of living in the centre of civilization more and more prohibitive. In Paris one pays for one's dinner double the price one would disburse in a small provincial town. The man who invents a means of giving cheap food to the people is looked upon as a public benefactor, even though a good many of the public depart this life more or less speedily in consequence of eating of his wares. It is a safe bet that thousands of Parisians, acquainted full well with the eccentric composition of the "wine" in question, will still go on pouring it down their throats because it is cheaper than the genuine "Soup of September." They save a few sous to-day: that is the essential. If they expire prematurely in consequence, *tant pis*: they have lost the game, that is all.

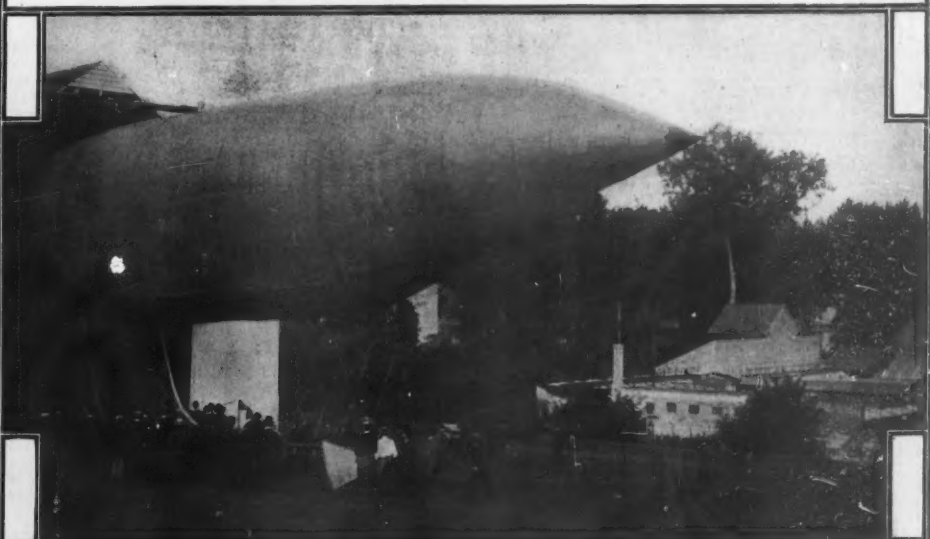
RAZING THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS

So they are going to batter down the fortifications—this time really and truly, as the children say. Paris is undoubtedly choked by its tight-fitting belt: the demolition of its grassy ramparts and the filling in of the deep circumambient moat will not come a day too soon for the city's internal convenience or its outward development. But it is a pity, none the less. The "fortifs" had their color of romance, the glamour of the great history that was made on them and under them. One need hardly be a "clairvoyant" to hear, when walking on their heights, the cries of the captains and the booming of big guns, to see the dark masses of the German army ringing the city round while the "army of Paris" and the desperate, starving population roamed over the snows of that terrible December of 1870, hoping against hope for the relief that never came. And the brave deeds that were done there, the noble lives that were sacrificed, the tragedy of the fall of the city consummated at the gates—these things made the "fortifs" in some ways, or to some minds, the most interesting part of Paris. To wipe them off the map is to wipe away a world of tradition, an inspiring link with the tragic past. The small bourgeois loved the "fortifs," a little for their memories, a great deal for their practical uses. They made a pleasant, easily accessible picnic ground, where in the summer evenings he could bring his wife and family, his cold lunch and his bottle of wine, and regale himself rurally, looking over a wide, smiling country, his back to the big city, his lungs filling with fresh air. It was a cheap illusion. The imperative need of taking in many suburbs to make a "Greater Paris," linked to the heart of the city by electric cars and underground railroads, robs the "cit" of his harmless pleasure. Already a large chunk of the northern and northeastern fortifications have been condemned for good and all: spades will begin to work on them in a week or so. The others will follow speedily, and Paris will be naked to her enemies. Not that the fortifications have any strategic value against modern guns. Their romantic suggestion and their picnicking qualities were their only justification. And these are slight things these utilitarian days.

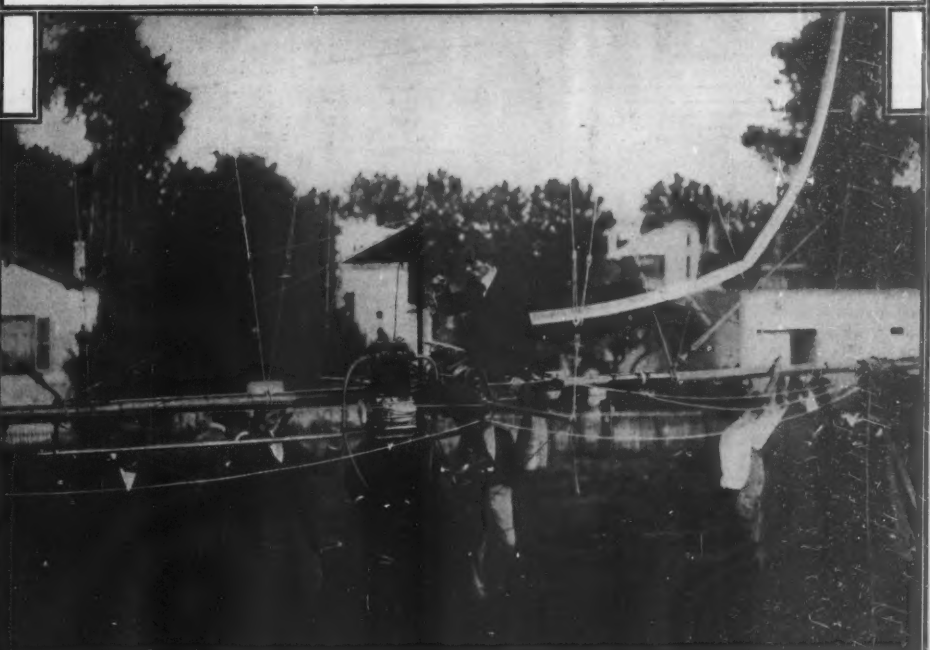
V. GRIBAYEDOFF.



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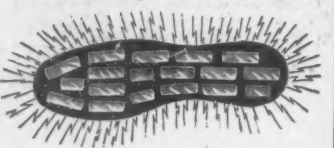
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SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR

EDITED BY
WALTER CAMP

TWO YEARS AGO on this same field Harvard overwhelmed Yale with a score of 17-0. Harvard had beaten Yale in Cummock's year, but until this match of Dibblee's team against Chamberlain's there had never been a time when it was not a pretty sure thing that Yale would win when the two teams met. That, too, was over a period of twenty years, so that one can have some sort of an idea of the revolution that had taken place in the style of play of both these representative teams. For four or five years Yale teams have shown a retrogression. Having done so well on what was called "straight football," they forgot that their straight football was by no means confined to what their opponents thought it was and what most of the newspaper writers considered it. They forgot that the main principle each year was to have some new play or some system of play which should be radically different from that commonly attributed to them by their opponents. Having once lost this principle, Yale teams labored hard, but in vain, to keep up their lead, and after a spasmodic burst in '97, at the very end of the season, they sank back to a dependence upon some mysterious getting together at the last minute. That Yale men have this spirit and exert it to the utmost was proven by their matches last year, as well as in the long history of the years preceding, but that it is enough to make certain Yale's successes, as in the past, is a mistake, and it was only last year, toward the end of the season, that Yale began to show evidences of having realized this. This year she has begun more properly, and has gone back to the old principle of some different method from that for which the opponents have been duly prepared. Not that the opponents do not know what is coming, or that the formations are especially novel, but that they are different from what Harvard had to face last season, and offer an opportunity for some generalship on the quarter back's part.

Harvard comes down with a different record. They are easily the favorites in the betting. Their tremendous victory over Pennsylvania, in which in one half they made as many points as they did against Yale two years ago in two halves, gives them such prestige that it is hard for any of their friends to see a chance for Yale in the situation.

The Harvard play also has been consistently based upon what Yale apparently four or five years ago discarded, namely, that kind of adaptation of simple plays to certain methods of interference which should, taken in connection with double passes, make it improbable that the opponents would be able to launch themselves directly at one little group of three men with certainty that they would find therein the runner and the ball. That Harvard is playing what is technically known as straight football is true, but straight football with enough deception about it to bother the opponents, but not enough deception to make their own players feel that trick plays are going to help out when reinforced, or in any way make up for individual effort and persistence.

Harvard has in Daly a cool, collected general, able to take advantage of weaknesses of the opponents, and especially remarkable in his ability to make up for errors of himself or his own team by his activity and quickness of thought. He is a star of the first magnitude in every possible football sense, but he has not taught his team to rely upon him to do the work. Rather he has brought them in a position where they know if they do not do the work they will be dropped off and substitutes put on that will do it. Yale has no such general, although she has an able quarter in Wear and a most excellent captain in Brown. When the two teams meet both elevens will be in deadly earnest, and, so far as they know how, every player will do his best. But Harvard's play is likely to be the more perfected, judging from the present probabilities. Harvard will be able to outpunt Yale, and can thus make use of the kicking game to relieve the strain at any time. In the running game Yale will offer line plunging, together with plays just outside tackle, and will undoubtedly perform these with much force and accuracy.

Harvard has her strongest play in a run around the end, which was done so well by Sawin in the Pennsylvania game. It is not a wide run around the end, such as Kendall makes, but hugs the line closely, and both Sawin and Giersach do it well. Yale must stop these end and tackle runs on the left side of her line or Harvard will just as surely defeat her as she did Pennsylvania. Moreover, Harvard will make a double pass, the ball going outside, if Sawin's run is found to be blocked too often. Yale has no very effective end runs, but will try double passes and hammering at tackle, with a circling outside if possible for a single long telling effort.

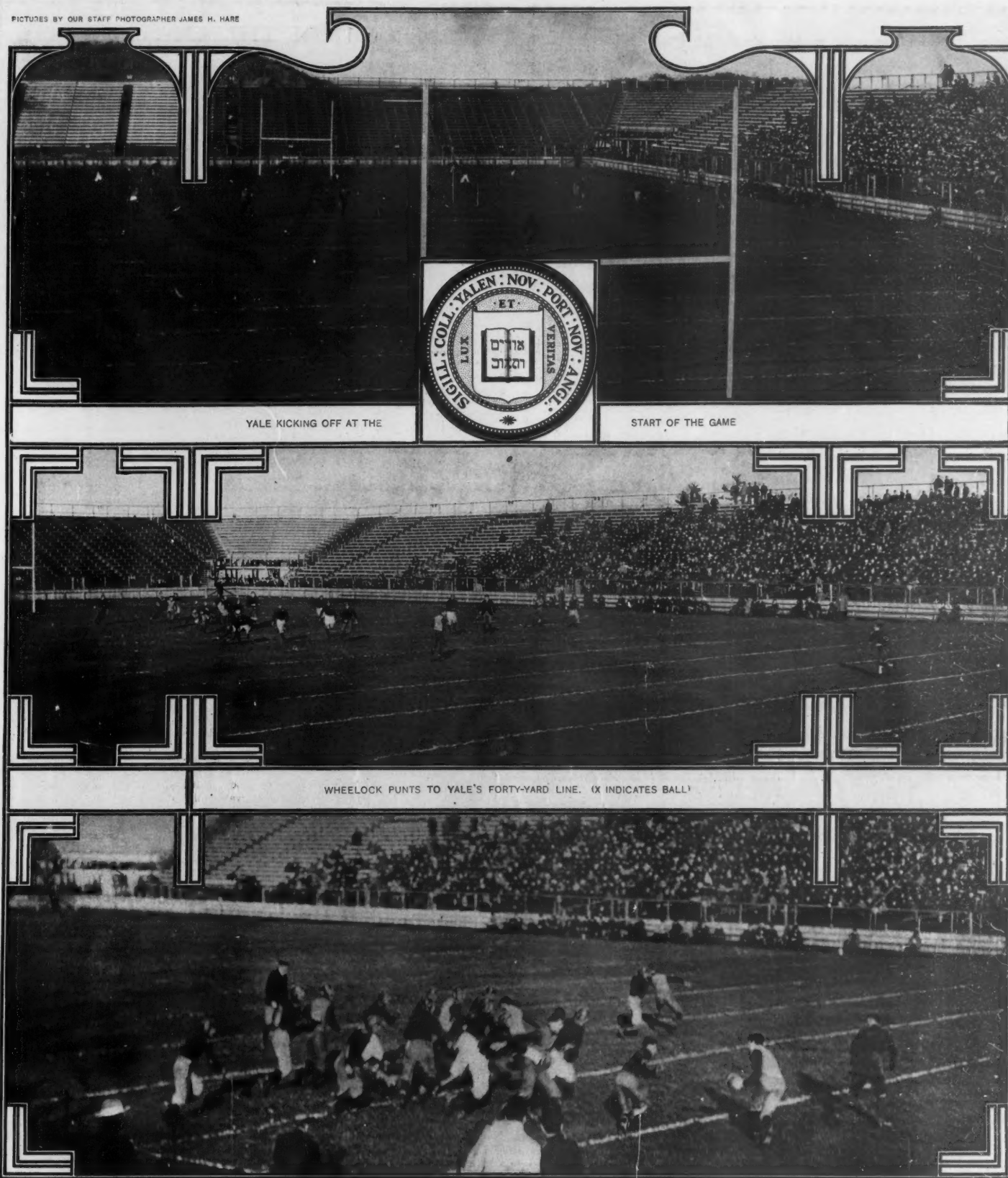
As it stands, then, the chances look largely in Harvard's favor, but Yale has the opportunity by breaking up Harvard's play around her (Yale's) left end to so equalize the advances of the two teams as to make it a level match. If she cannot stop this end run there is no chance for her, for she has nothing that is so effective for long gains as this of Harvard's. On the other hand, Yale has a body of men who, so far as character is concerned, are picked men, and men who will play to the very limit and never say die. They have been tried out on one or two occasions and have demonstrated this. And that is a capital asset for any football team to have when they are going into their most important game.

Yale's proposition, then, is to stop Harvard's end run, and everlastingly and consistently to push for that Harvard goal line. Harvard's, on the other hand, is to check Yale's close assault as she did Pennsylvania's, and then with end runs and occasional kicks gain in leaps what Yale must of necessity gain in very short plunges. It is the long game against the short game, with odds on the long game, but home grounds and a home audience to help the plungers.

Yale solved the Indian problem to-day to the supreme satisfaction of the Yale audience, and to the decided surprise of the Carlisle team. The long hammering and coaching expended upon the Yale men in the weeks of early practice began to show its effects to-day. The general framework of the play had been over a week ago brought to a point where it was possible to begin to add the really telling features of a satisfactory campaign, and these, in the shape of direction plays, were brought out to-day, much to the delight as well as the surprise of those who had been feeling that progress was slow and the result in the way of a finished team more than problematical. The game started in magnificent football way, but with a sharp wind blowing across the field and sometimes shifting to the northwest, which gave the north goal an advantage. This Carlisle appreciated, and selected that goal. Yale had to kick off, and her forwards were well down in the field, and prevented the Carlisle catcher, who was rather slow in starting, from getting any material gain. Within a few minutes, Yale, having held Carlisle, forced them to punt, and then, having secured the ball, opened with a trick play, followed by a clever end run by Dupee, their full back, which quite took the Indians off their feet. Then Yale's striking machine was put into operation, and the Blue eleven marched down the field with steady, moderate gains until they put the ball over the line. Brown kicked an easy goal, and the teams lined up once more at the centre of the field. Carlisle kicked off, but Yale ran the kick back well, and, consistently strong both in offence and defence, soon had the Indians on the run once more. Straight down the field Yale went, occasionally being held on a single down, but their regular advance never checked. Stillman in particular seemed quite able to hold his feet, and to drag two or three of the braves along with him for an extra yard or two after he was tackled. The general assistance lent by each man to the runner was a characteristic feature of Yale's play during this period. Before many minutes had elapsed the second touchdown had been added, but Captain Brown made a poor kick this time, which he later retrieved by good work in this respect. This made the score 11-0, and from that point on there was never any question about the final result. How much Yale could score, and whether the Indians could, by some brilliant achievement, cross the Yale goal line, was the only thing in doubt. But Yale's defence was strong enough to prevent any contretemps to dash the spirits of the spectators, while their offences piled up many points against the rather disconcerted Carlisle ranks.

The offence of the two teams was in marked contrast. Carlisle depended during the first half chiefly upon two plays; one of these was the celebrated shifting line, which Coach Warner introduced with such telling effect against Columbia last season, and with a good deal of success against Harvard in their game there a few weeks since. This shifting play did upon occasion gain against Yale, but many times it was stopped with a loss, and before the game was over there was very little evidence of trepidation in the Yale line when this play was brought into operation. An end run, in which one of the end players on the Carlisle team started before the ball was put in play and ran directly across behind the quarter to the other end of the line, as an interferer before the ball was snapped, was perhaps as effective as the shifting line, but it proved a problem which Yale found no great difficulty in solving, and frequently the Yale men, sifting through, succeeded in stopping it with a loss. One other play was tried

PICTURES BY OUR STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER JAMES H. HARE



YALE VS. CARLISLE AT NEW HAVEN, NOVEMBER 10

by Carlisle in the first half, and that was the quarter-back kick. Upon the occasion of its first execution, it was cleverly done, and saved them the ball, together with the gain of some yards. In the second half Carlisle introduced a play which her team had tried with only a small measure of success in the first period of play. This was a close formation play, in which the mass pressed up against the line and rolled around tackle, allowing a couple of interferers and the runner to emerge between the opposing tackle and end, into which opening the runner turned sharply and with a strong momentum. This was the only play throughout the game which could consistently gain ground against the Yale team. The Yale ends invariably brought down the runner before he could get clear; but, for all that, he would take off from three to five yards of distance at a time, and by the use of this Carlisle carried the ball through the greatest consecutive series of gains they had been able to exert during the game. But even here their advance was finally brought to a stop, and they had their choice of trying a run on the fourth down, or a drop kick at the goal. The last was very manifestly their best chance of score, and they made the effort, but it was a failure, the ball going off to the right corner of the field, and Yale kicked down from their twenty-five yard line. This was practically the end of Carlisle's chances to score, for Yale proceeded to carry the ball up the field shortly thereafter, and were within easy scoring distance when the referee's whistle put an end to the contest.

Yale's offence, on the other hand, was extremely varied. They assaulted all points of the Carlisle line. It was difficult to tell when they lined up whether the end or the tackle or the centre trio would be the assaulting point, and Carlisle was several times completely mystified by the tactics. When they massed to defend their centre, the play was pretty sure to go out, around or over the tackle. When they were sure the tackle opening was about to be forced, the play was quite as likely to go through their centre, and, especially in the first half, Yale essayed the Carlisle end with satisfactory results.

On the defence Yale was by far the stronger, her stalwart line men refusing to be budged

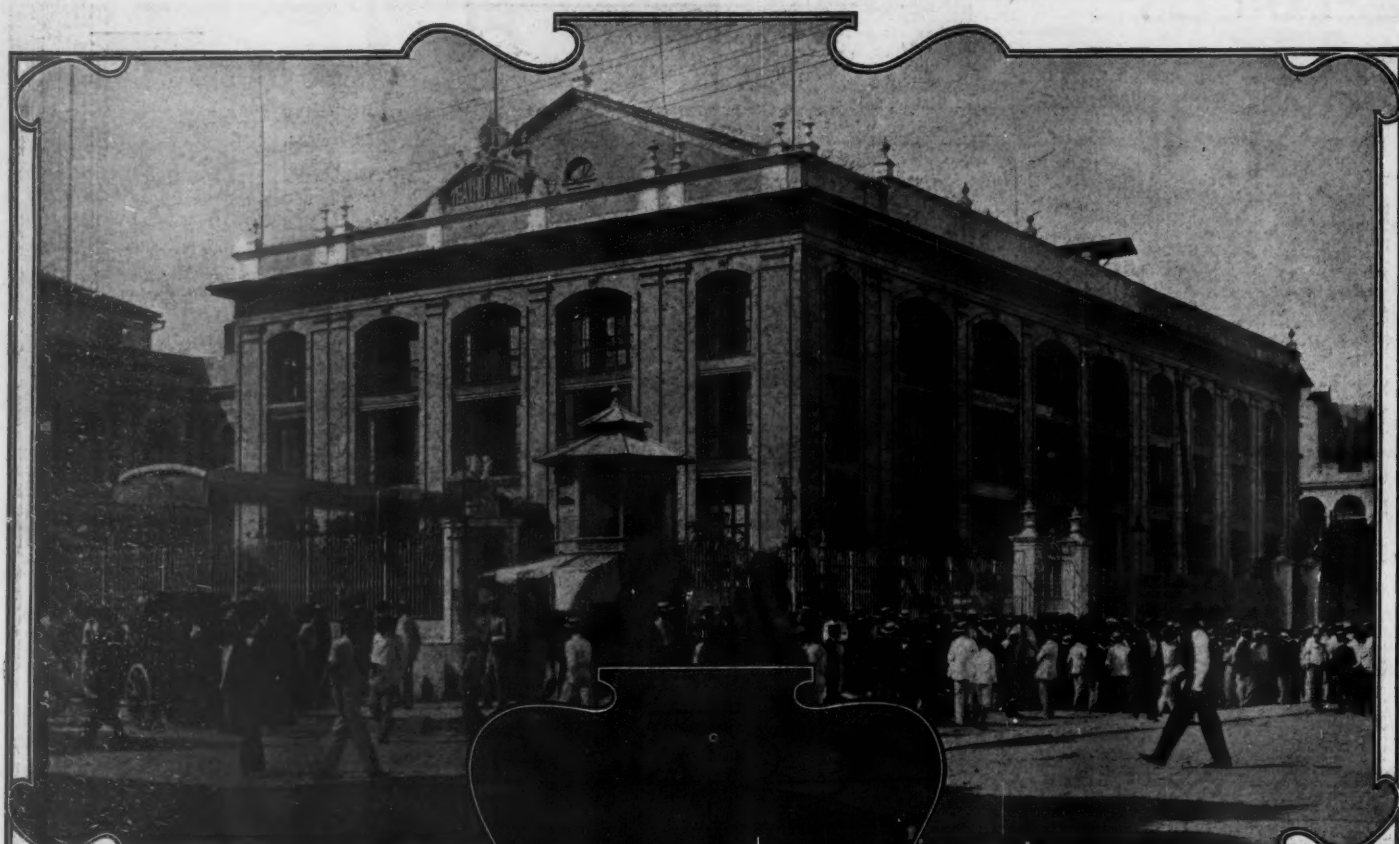
by forced plays, while her ends exercised good judgment, were steady, kept out well, and tackled with consistent and satisfactory certainty. Carlisle fought hard on her part of the defence, but seemed quite unable, as above stated, to locate with definiteness the point of attack. In kicking Yale had in Dupee all the best of it. His punts, with one single exception, were long and of good height. He had no difficulty in getting off the kick from Yale's defensive formation, and his ends, as well as Olcott, the centre, and Stillman, the tackle, got down the field well and held the ground he gained. The Indians had no kicker to match him, and, with the exception of one muff by Wear, the Yale back field was certain of catching, and almost equally certain of running the ball in.

In generalship Yale was far and away the better of the two teams. Wear handled his men well, taking advantage of every weakness displayed by the dusky opponents, and keeping the play in motion and successful whenever the opportunity came for possible scoring.

The game showed that Yale can play strong football when her men get together as a team, and that if her repertoire of plays is properly used, with due regard to any discoverable weaknesses of her opponents, her eleven must prove formidable; but her system of play depends so vitally upon team work that the carelessness or lack of energy upon the part of any single individual is almost certain to result in a complete failure of her aggressive game. This match with the Indians showed what her plays when worked by a team of eleven men can accomplish in contrast to some of her earlier games, in which it was made just as evident how weak she is when only six or seven of the team exert themselves.

HARVARD VS. BROWN, 11-6 Harvard managed to defeat Brown at Cambridge by a score of 11-6, but the match was by no means satisfactory to the supporters of the crimson. There was a most marked let down from the form exhibited in the Pennsylvania match, and while it is true that nearly half the regular players were off, better work was expected from the substitutes.

WALTER CAMP.



THE MARTI THEATRE, HAVANA, WHERE THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION IS BEING HELD

THRONG OF AMERICANS AND CUBANS WAITING TO BE ADMITTED TO THE THEATRE



PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY GOMEZ CARRERA, HAVANA

GOVERNOR-GENERAL LEONARD A. WOOD LEAVING THE CONVENTION HALL AFTER ONE OF THE SESSIONS ACCOMPANIED BY SOME OF THE DELEGATES

THE CUBAN CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

(SEE FRONT PAGE)

ON MONDAY, the fifth instant, the delegates to the Cuban Constitutional Convention assembled in Havana. The Marti Theatre had been engaged as a convention hall, and it was there that the thirty-one representatives were called to order and sworn in.

Governor-General Wood and staff, accompanied by General Fitzhugh Lee, Military Governor of the Western Department of Cuba, with his staff, were escorted into the theatre by Señor Salvador Cisneros y Betancourt, Marquis of Santa Lucia, amid cheers and "vivas," while the bands rendered "America." Promptly at two o'clock General Wood opened the convention, saying:

"As Military Governor of the island of Cuba, and representing the President of the United States, I call this convention to order. It will be your duty, first of all, to frame and adopt a constitution for Cuba, and, when that has been done, to formulate what in your opinion ought to be the relations between Cuba and the United States. The constitution must be adequate to secure stable, orderly and free government.

"When you have formulated the relations which in your opinion ought to exist between Cuba and the United States, the government of the United States will doubtless take such action on its part as shall lead to a final and authoritative agreement between the people of the two countries, to the promotion of their common interests.

"All friends of Cuba will follow your deliberations with the deepest interest, earnestly desiring that you shall reach just conclusions, and that by the dignity, individual self-restraint

and wise conservatism which shall characterize your proceedings the capacity of the Cuban people for representative government may be signally illustrated.

"The fundamental distinction between true representative government and a dictatorship is that in the former every representative of the people, in whatever office, confines himself strictly within the limits of his defined powers. Without such restraint there cannot be free constitutional government.

"Under the order pursuant to which you have been elected and convened you have no duty and no authority to take part in the present government of the island. Your powers are strictly limited by the terms of that order."

General Wood then withdrew, after wishing the delegates success and informing them that Chief-Justice Perez would administer the oath of office in whatever form they should indicate as their preference.

Judge Llorente of the Supreme Court was chosen President of the Convention, which was immediately organized and the following oath administered: "We, delegates elected by the people of Cuba, to the National Constitutional Convention, swear faithfully to fulfill the duties of our office. We publicly and solemnly renounce allegiance to or compact with any state or nation, whether made directly or indirectly, swearing to the sovereignty of the free and independent people of Cuba, and swearing to respect the constitution this convention may adopt, as well as the government established by the constitution."

After the oath had been duly administered, the following resolutions, signed by many of the delegates, were presented to the convention:

"The undersigned delegates propose that the assembly adopt the following resolutions:

"First, That a committee of the assembly proceed immediately to call on General Wood and manifest the satisfaction with which the delegates have seen him carry out the delicate mission intrusted to him.

"Second, That the same committee request General Wood to telegraph to the President of the United States as follows:

"The delegates elected to the Constitutional Convention, assembled at their inaugural meeting, greet, with profound respect and gratitude, the President of the United States of North America, and they are satisfied with the honesty demonstrated in the fulfillment of the declarations made in favor of the liberty and independence of the Cuban people."

It is impossible to say yet just how the convention will be divided among the various political organizations of the island. As it stands to-day, the Cuban National Party is predominant, but there are several seats over which contests have been brought up for settlement by the convention. There are thirty-one seats, representation being two to about every 100,000 inhabitants, and trouble has arisen over the elections in Havana, Matanzas, Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba.

The disturbance, as usual, began in Havana Province; the Board of Canvassers in this province has Democrats in the majority. After considerable discussion they decided to throw out all ballots on which the name of ex-Secretary of Justice Estevez appeared, claiming that they were illegal because his name had been omitted from the printed list and written in with a pen. This process threw out two other Nationals, giving the three offices to members of the fused Democrat-Republican party.

In Matanzas the reverse was the case; the Nationals were in the majority on the board, and waited until the Havana board had decided on its course of action before reporting the result in that province. They then retaliated by cancelling all ballots cast for the National candidate, on the basis that the paper on which they were printed was yellow.

It must not be inferred from this that Cubans are divided as to the policy which the convention shall pursue. On the contrary, they are thoroughly united. The slogan is to be "absolute independence," and they are going about securing it in a way which will commend itself to every thinking person. The

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conservative element has declared its intention to block the "juggles" in any wild or senseless propositions they may advance. There was a plan on foot to spring a resolution which would have caused a decided sensation; the coterie of agitators headed by Juan Gualberto Gomez, Manuel Sanguily and Mendez Capote arranged a proclamation to General Wood, in which it was declared that the convention insisted that President McKinley should announce that the constitution should be drawn up by the delegates alone, unhampered or hindered by the United States, and that its clauses should be regulated only by the wishes of the Cubans themselves. Failing in this, the idea was that the convention should be called to order at its inaugural meeting, adopt resolutions demanding that Mr. McKinley make some such declaration, and adjourn until he returned a favorable reply.

The proclamation was signed by several delegates and many of their constituents, but wiser counsel prevailed and the project was abandoned. Now that there is serious work on hand, actually involving genuine interests, the conservatives demand consideration and insist that their rights be respected and fully considered. They are voicing their ideas through the insular press, and there is a marked growth of plain, direct speaking, such as will impress the delegates with the fact that they are now engaged in matters requiring thought and care.

The pronounced radicals will be compelled to submit to superior numbers, as among the delegates are to be found a majority of able, judicious men, who realize and accept the responsibility devolving upon them, and recognize the necessity for checking any movement that might create a false impression abroad or tend to militate against the best interests of the island. The names of some of them are known in the United States, but the majority are not. Of the former the most noted is Gonzalo de Quesada. Quesada has been a figure of Washington life for years. He was at one time secretary to President Iglesias of Costa Rica. From 1895 to 1899 he was at the head of Cuban affairs, both in Washington and New York, and his services, in connection with those of Horatio Rubens, were invaluable to the Cuban cause. In 1899 he was appointed by General Brooke Cuban Commissioner to Washington, since which time he has handled all insular matters requiring diplomatic treatment. He was sent to Paris, this year, to supervise Cuban interests at the Exposition, and was unanimously appointed as the National Party delegate to the convention from Pinar del Rio. Quesada is able, well up in international law, anxious to see Cuba's relations with the United States such as will be most advantageous to both countries, conservative, recognized in Washington as being worthy of trust, and he has the confidence of the Cuban people.

Foremost among the others is Dr. Miguel Gener. Appointed Secretary of Justice by Wood in August, he has already done more toward reforming the judiciary than had been accomplished during the preceding eighteen months of American administration.

Gener is high-minded, patriotic, conservative, of irreproachable morals, an accomplished lawyer, and with plenty of moral courage. He is destined to become a power in insular affairs.

Alejandro Rodriguez, another delegate of whom Americans have heard more or less, was elected Mayor of Havana in June, and his election to the convention is evidence that his party believes him capable of carrying out its ideas.

Another name which has occasionally appeared in American papers is that of Manuel Sanguily. Sanguily is a highly intelligent and very efficient lawyer.

Jose Miguel Gomez, the Civil Governor of Santa Clara Province, is another delegate whose name is more or less familiar to Americans. He is not related to Maximo Gomez. He absolutely controls Santa Clara Province.

Juan Gualberto Gomez is one of the only two negroes elected, and his seat is not at all secure as yet, being one of the contested ones. He is a mulatto, a very able writer, a good lawyer, and a brilliant orator. When he gets well into a speech his color and personality are completely forgotten for the moment, as he has a wonderful power over an audience, swaying it at will, and moving it from tears to laughter with a master hand or tongue. The negro element on the island is satisfied because it is represented by a champion who has hitherto proven very outspoken when advocating its claims.

Of the balance it is useless to say much, because they are unknown to Americans, and their names would mean nothing. They certainly compare favorably with any similar body of men from any country.

One fact must not be forgotten; this convention will be controlled by Maximo Gomez, no matter what may be the outcome of the contested elections. There is no political organization or combination of political organizations on the island which would be strong enough to overthrow Gomez, as was proven last year. It will be remembered that the group of politicians then nominally in control of the army deposed Gomez from his position as Commander-in-Chief. They based their action on his acceptance of the "paltry sum" of \$3,000,000 to be distributed among his

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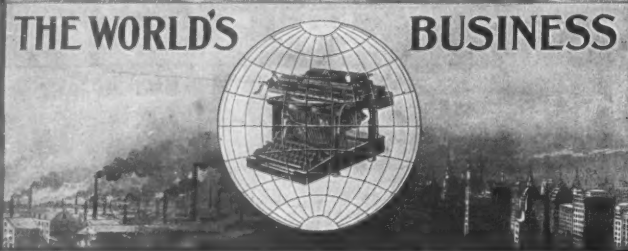
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starving soldiery. The Assembly pointed out to the people that they should have had ten million, but love for el viejo ("the old man") outweighed any question of personal advantage, and the people rose en masse all over the island, with protests and manifestations, curses and threats, and replaced Gomez in supreme control of the army with such vigorous demonstrations of anger that the Assembly was compelled to dissolve. The feeling to-day is just as strong. Gomez is absolute with the rank and file. His authority is undisputed and undisputed, and it is asserted that members of the convention will not dare to oppose any proposition placed before the people by Gomez in the shape of a manifesto.

There is a local saying, which translated is, "When Gomez speaks the waters listen, and when Gomez orders the winds obey."

The deliberations of the convention will be watched with great interest not only in the United States, but also abroad, for the discussion will have great bearing on the disposition of all our new possessions.

The Havana press is printing some curious and interesting comments on the convention, as exemplified by the following literal extract taken from an editorial in an influential Havana daily.

"Nations, as well as individuals, should live in the reality, not in fiction, because the reality is life."

"Our political reality is this: The United States, after having destroyed, with cannons, secular sovereignty of Spain over Cuba, occupied the island militarily, and began a military government. During the latter part of last year, President McKinley, with the best intentions, wished to give us a civil government. The idea was not carried out because the Administration heeded the violent opposition offered by the radical Jacobins, excited by two of the clique who were then in power."

"The American Government, proceeding with a celerity of which there is no known equal, hastened to convoke a Constitutional Convention which will study and formulate a constitution for the Cuban people."

"The government might easily have avoided doing this; it might have named a more remote date for opening the convention, or it might have dictated the financial bases or fundamental conditions on which the new constitutional law should be founded. It did none of these."

"But the intervening government is responsible to its own people and before the world for the life and property of all inhabitants of Cuba; above and before all it must preserve order; it cannot nor should it permit anarchy to establish its repugnant and horrible empire; it cannot nor should allow establishment here of the brutal political proceedings employed in Santo Domingo and Haiti; it will not permit a half dozen anarchists to convert the convention into a centre of agitation and conspiracy. This convention was not called for the purpose of agitating the country, but to study and arrange a constitution for the Cuban nation."

"The delegates must remember that they do not constitute an absolutely sovereign Assembly, in full control of the destinies of the country. They are brought together by order of an irresistible foreign power, whose superiority in the Western Hemisphere cannot be disputed."

"This power is a factor without which we cannot organize our civil institutions, any more than we could have conquered Spain without its assistance."

"With the moral and material aid of the United States, the ideal of separation from the mother country was attained. The same reasons which made military intervention necessary will compel close supervision of arrangements that will vitally affect mercantile and political interests."

"Of the Military Assembly in session in Cerro, in 1899, the Administration said: 'If it creates no disturbance, it will be ignored; if it excites and agitates, it will be dissolved.' 'The same may be said of the present convention, with greater reason and right, because this body is called together by order of the Administration and is to proceed under its protection."

"It must not be forgotten that the Conservatives constitute a large proportion of the population, but are not to be really represented in the convention. They are resting quiet, confident that the United States will not allow the country to suffer the horrors of anarchy."

"The Jacobites who propose to agitate the country through the convention, by presenting and discussing projects dangerous to the island; the Jacobites who are planning to prepare a constitution for the exclusive use of their party; the Jacobites who intend asking for immediate evacuation of Americans, that they may fall on the insular treasury and compromise the country by ruinous contracts; the Jacobites who wish to assume, through the convention, absolute control of the island government; the Jacobites who wish to emulate the French Constitutional Convention forget this: that over them, to restrain, is the hand of the United States. A Saxon hand; that is, a hand that is terrible in punishment. That which was done with Spain cannot be accomplished with the United States in power."

"This is the political reality."

After this, we may allow the convention to speak through its enactments.

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While, dreamwise, came a Voice:
"For this—and this—the Year's increase,
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Then each, in turn—each Shape of light—
Approached an altar richly dight,
And laid her tribute down.
Then, passing onward, incense-veiled,
At once their shimmering raiment paled,
And paled each starry crown.

The gifts upon the altar lay,
In manifold profuse array:
Amassed from hill and plain:
For here was gold, and there was wine,
With fruitage of both branch and vine,
Red maize, and various grain.

And balm and sweets, from trees that bleed,
And snowy bales whose thrift shall feed
The looms that never rest.
Some tribute, too, that altar bore
From tropic isle, and ice-fringed shore—
Three zones their wealth attest!

But while I marvelled of what race
Were these whose light had filled the place,
I heard, again, the Voice:
"Behold, the Genii of thy Land
Their gifts bestow with open hand!
Be thankful, and rejoice!"

EDITH M. THOMAS.

SENSIBLE TEMPERANCE.

A Word to Temperance Ladies.

It is universally admitted that temperance women work for their cause with a desire to make life happier; that is, temperance in drink causes an immense amount of misery in human life, and the temperance movement is an effort to replace this misery with happiness, peace, and comfort.

Many temperance women make the mistake of going at the subject hammer and tongs and proposing to force people to believe their way. It is far better to exercise a broad charity and take the position that one's own peace of mind and happiness, not only of the individual, but of the family and friends, depends upon sensible habits of life.

A very much greater foe to human happiness, than whiskey, exists, and it is startling many an honest temperance worker when the name of that foe is given. It is spelled c-o-f-f-e-e. "I don't believe it," some ardent temperance worker says, who is really a slave herself to the coffee cup.

Cast your thought among your sick friends, nervous, irritable, broken down women whose homes are anything but peaceful homes because of the irritation and friction brought about by their physical and mental condition. In ninety-five cases out of a hundred, the nervousness, irritability, dyspepsia, kidney trouble, female troubles, and various diseases which such people are subject to, come directly from a broken down nervous system, brought about by the daily use of coffee. Careful chemical analysis proves this statement to be absolutely true and personal experiment will prove the same to any one who cares to make it.

You may have a few friends who are made miserable by whiskey, but you have scores of friends whose lives are made miserable, as well as the lives of their families, by the use of coffee. Hard to believe, isn't it. Many of the most profound truths are not accepted by humanity when first brought to humanity's attention, but they are truths, nevertheless.

Try for yourself, reader. Leave off coffee altogether and start in with Postum Food Coffee, which can be obtained at any first-class grocery store. You will find within ten days an improvement in the sum total of happiness for yourself and for your friends about you. Life will take on a new aspect; strength, vigor, and vitality will begin to come back for your use. You can do things that you have heretofore been unequal to. You can accomplish something in this world, and you can quietly and without ostentation become a most efficient worker in securing to humanity that peace, content, and happiness that we are all seeking.

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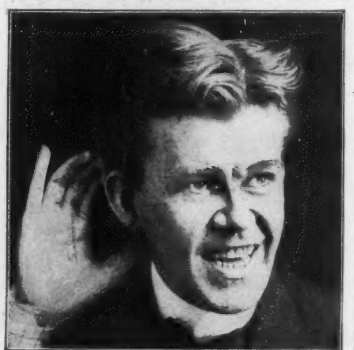
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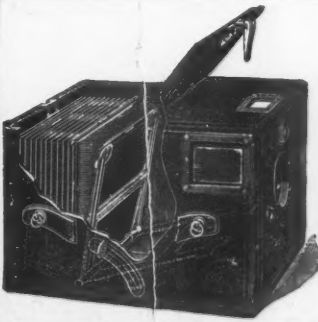
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